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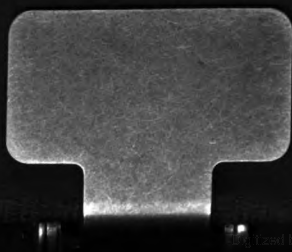
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**EUSTACE CONYERS.**

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**VOL. II.**



# EUSTACE CONYERS.

A NOVEL.

BY

JAMES HANNAY.

AUTHOR OF

"SINGLETON FONTENOY," "SATIRE AND SATIRISTS,"

&c., &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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# EUSTACE CONYERS.

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## CHAPTER I.

EUSTACE RECEIVES A VISIT, AND THE 'HILDEBRAND'  
MAKES ONE.

It so happened, that the 'Hildebrand' was for a certain time, at Sheerness. Sheerness has one great merit as a station—it is not far from London. On this ground, Pearl Studds, and similar gentlemen, always give it the preference to the other sea-ports of this country. You can run up to town, attend the opera, and come back next day in time to keep the afternoon watch.

After one's life has been jogging along in a very dull routine for some time, it often happens that two or three events succeed

each other briskly, when we least expect them.

Eustace Conyers was walking the deck one morning, when he observed what naval men call a T. G., a private gentleman, or civilian, come over the gangway, and stare about him with the bewildered air of a landsman. He advanced to shew him that courtesy which the case demanded, and which it becomes not a Conyers to neglect.

"Why, bless my life," said the stranger, "it's the man himself! why, Conyers!"

"Mildew!" exclaimed our hero, shaking hands

It was indeed, Henry Mildew, and in excellent health and spirits.

"I scarcely should have known you," Mildew began. "You're ever so much taller and improved. I saw in a paper, that the 'Hildebrand' was at Sheerness, and I thought I'd run down and see you."

"It's very kind. Come below; and stop and dine with us." Eustace was sincerely glad to see a face, which at once recalled old

scenes and days ; and promised him all the news of the country.

Mildew accompanied him down the various ladders, wondering at the order and neatness everywhere about, and was positively delighted when he saw the gun-room.

" I scarcely expected to find you so comfortable. And I suppose you are quite satisfied with the profession, and find all your visions realized ?"

" I am devoted to it for life, Sir !" said Eustace laughing. " But till dinner-time, suppose we take a look at the ship ?"

They strolled along the decks, accordingly ; and at the same time, had a better opportunity for private chat than the gun-room afforded. Eustace was now more on an equality with Mildew, than in old days ; he had seen many men, and had heard a great deal of the kind of talk, which, when he first heard it from Mildew, impressed and amused him so much. But before he had talked with him a quarter-of-an-hour, he felt that he did not understand his character any better than of old ; while at

the same time, he was fitter than he used to be to enjoy his conversation.

And, first of all, here was the downright pleasure of meeting one who had, not three weeks before, absolutely seen the whole Swillington household, face to face. For Mildew had called there, as it appeared, with his brother, (who, by the bye, was in excellent health) and had found them all very well. There was a German gentleman making a short stay there, a Professor Drünk, and Dr. Brawn had been over, a good deal, to see him, and the three had been engaged, (Mildew said, with the laugh which Eustace remembered) “in *post mortem* examinations of ancient authors.” The neighbourhood had been awed at the erudite appearance of these gentlemen, as they strolled out, together—

“ ‘So clowns on scholars as on wizards look,  
And take a folio for a conjuring-book,’ ”

said Mildew.

“Who says that?” inquired the innocent Eustace.

"Swift," said Mildew. Then, he went on to talk about familiar names and places, in his usual vein, touching objects, lightly, and marking them deep, as was his way. Of course, Eustace had heard in due time, of the failure of Mr. Poynder's attempt? Things were not ripe, yet. So-and-so had hung back at the last moment; and so-and-so professed to have been mistaken from the first as to the object of the party! Mr. Hilderstone had been a great deal disappointed. Ah, the Hilderstones! Eustace said. Did Mildew ever see them? Sometimes.

"And that very queer, attractive little girl with the gray eyes, how is she?" asked Eustace.

"She is growing—more attractive, and more gray in the eyes," Mildew answered, laughing. And so their conversation went on.

"But, Mildew," said Eustace, "you don't tell me anything about your own doings. You used to talk about yourself, more!"

"Mr. Eustace Conyers—you are, as I before told you, a critical observer—under

the guise of a jolly tar ! No,—but did you think me inclined to be communicative in those days ?”

“ You were full of projects and ambitions ; and you spoke of them freely.”

“ Well, Eustace,” said Mildew, with a frank and serious air ; “ I am becoming a hard-working man, and you will probably hear of my success at the bar. Then, *you* are resolute in your determination to remain at sea ?”

“ Perfectly.”

Mildew looked round the main deck, on which they were walking, and then said, “ Suppose you teach me a little about all these objects ?”

Eustace did his best ; conducted his friend round the ship, and explained to him various matters, all of which the quick Mildew grasped very readily. By the time dinner was announced, Mildew had laid in quite a little store of information—which would help him by and bye (perhaps, in reading a blue-book)—which would be sure to hitch in, somewhere

or other, usefully ! This quickness was quite in harmony with the mobility with which he accommodated himself to any society ; the frank, easy hospitality of the gun-room, he fell in with at once, and was soon pronounced a very pleasant fellow. At dessert, our friend Sir Lionel Pipton was brought on the table, and then Mildew further laid in a little stock of " naval opinion." He told some capital anecdotes (London stories—such as are very welcome in messes,) and made jokes, which had the advantage of Pearl Studds's, inasmuch as his range of experience and reading was much greater. This display had a reflected good effect upon Eustace's reputation, also ; and Eustace was proud of his visitor's success.

After dinner, Eustace took Mildew to the cabin of " Bounty" Orchard, who was on shore, and had coffee brought up there.

" Your friends seem very good fellows," Mildew said—very quiet after all the animation of his talk. " But where's Lindsay ?"

" Lindsay's on shore, on duty. But, by the bye, how do you know *his* name ?"



"Only by happening to hear your father mention it. I suppose you spoke of him in your letters?"

"Very true."

"He seems your chief friend on board here?"

"Oh, yes! I owe everything to him," Eustace said.

"Indeed! he had not to get you out of scrapes, eh?" said Mildew, laughing. "You may confide in me, you know."

"Nothing of the sort, I assure you. Only you know, his advice, and example, and society, have been everything to me, when—" he paused.

"When sea life began to seem a little dull, eh?" said Mildew, looking the ingenuous Eustace full in the face.

"Why, there is something in that. But Mildew, don't you whisper such a thing at my father's."

Mildew checked him as he was going on. "Look here, Eustace. If you are tired of this life, take my advice, and leave it at once.

Your father will be delighted. A far better career opens before you, if you choose. An only son has no business at sea."

"My dear Mildew," said Eustace rising up to deliver himself of his reply, "I would not leave the sea, not if you would give me the Hesperides to live in, or—"

"Or Conyers-lea, say?" Mildew observed, interrupting him. "Your father's darling project; the site of which ancient castle, with the lands which surround it, belong to our respectable friend."

"Dreams, my dear boy," said Eustace. "I keep down that kind of reverie, I assure you, with a strong hand."

He was going on, when the door opened.

"'Douglas, Douglas,  
Tender and true,'"

said a voice, in very cheery accents, and, all unconscious of the presence of a stranger, entered Walter Lindsay. He was going to draw back, when he saw Mildew; but Eustace

introduced them, and begged him to sit down. Lindsay and Mildew looked at each other with interest; each knew the other's relation to Eustace perfectly; and they were conscious that they were of different schools. "Now," thought Mildew, "let us see what kind of fellow is influencing the mind of this *ingenuus puer*, just now, and what he is likely to make of him." "So, this is Mildew," thought Lindsay, who had heard all about him—that is, all Eustace knew about him—from Eustace, often. "Well, what kind of fellows are the ambitious of the rising generation, I wonder?" And each prepared for a polite *reconnaissance* of the other's moral and intellectual position. Mildew began by boldly challenging the flag which Lindsay had unconsciously hoisted on entering the cabin.

"You quoted just now a fragment which I have seen in Scott, Mr. Lindsay?"

"Yes, in the 'Abbot.'"

"Poor old Sir Walter! he was full of that antiquarian enthusiasm. Don't you think

though, that he is losing his hold on the country—that he has not the influence which he used to have?”

“Why, everybody has read him. We do not hear so much of him as his contemporaries did, of course; but just as we don’t have any longer yesterday’s rain, which is the life of to-day’s vegetation.”

“But the opinions of his school—are they as powerful now? Isn’t the tendency of what is called ‘public opinion,’ to make people indifferent to his old feudal paintings? Are not his own positive views on politics, too, less powerful every day?”

“I confess to having very vague notions of what ‘public opinion’ is. I apprehend that, if there is any chivalrous conservatism—as distinct from prudential or kitchen conservatism—in the country, that Sir Walter largely helped to nourish it. For aught I know, it may be dying. If so, so much the worse for the country; but no blame to Sir Walter.”

(“Chivalrous conservatism,” thought Mil-

dew, "this fellow is a sentimentalist!") "After all, the age moves on, and the real men are the men of the age," he said.

"The real men are the wise men, whether the age likes them or not. The age may like them—some ages do; but isn't that only the secondary part of it?"

"You take high ground, Mr. Lindsay," said Mildew, laughing pleasantly.

("Now," thought Mildew, "let us come to closer quarters). "When you came in, I was mentioning again to our friend Eustace, his father's favourite idea that he should restore the family. Your fragment of song quite harmonized, and that was why I so abruptly began to talk about it, for which you must pardon me."

"Well," said Lindsay, "and a very noble idea, as a Scotchman ought to be the last man to deny. But the age moves on, you say, Mr. Mildew; and unless I am mistaken, you would pronounce Mr. Conyers's idea a little out of date?"

"I dare say, my opinions about many

matters would seem strange to Mr. Conyers ; but I have a great belief in the virtue of a strong personal stimulus in life ; and where could our friend Eustace find a stronger one ?”

Lindsay mused. “ Aye,” he said, after a pause, and a long half sigh. “ But after all,” he went on suddenly, “ with the Bourbons in exile, and the last of the Stuarts lying in a foreign grave, why the deuce should a man care about his twopenny family, and think that it should live for ever ? Youngster !” (here all the “ oldster” glowed in Lindsay’s countenance) “ go instantly and order a bottle of port.”

Eustace jumped ; and Mildew, who was unacquainted with naval discipline, stared first, and presently burst out laughing. Lindsay laughed, too, and apologised for his outbreak. Mildew felt unable to understand our friend Walter ; but glancing occasionally at his face and head, admitted to himself that they were distinctly those of a man of talent. “ I wonder,” thought Mildew, “ I wonder what *his* views in life are now !” He was still

wondering, and Lindsay had fallen into another reverie, when Eustace entered with the bottle of port, followed by a boy, carrying glasses and a corkscrew.

"You see, I have not had any wine to-day," said Lindsay, apologetically, as he proceeded to open the bottle; "and certain moods—certain reflections—require a glass of port. Let me help you, Mr. Mildew. Eustace, you may have a glass! Ah! we're going to see your native land soon, my friend," said Lindsay, holding up his wine in the light and apostrophising it.

"Eh, what do you say, Lindsay?" inquired Eustace.

"A bit of news, simply. The 'Hildebrand's' going to the Tagus."

Eustace made a gesture, implying that he received the announcement with three cheers.

"I can guess what you're going for," said Mildew, looking political.

"That is not of the smallest consequence to a naval man," said Lindsay. "The plea-

sure of the Crown is all with which we have any business."

"There, Mr. Eustace," said Mildew, turning round to our hero, and smiling; "do you hear your 'Whole Duty of Man?'"

"I have heard that from Lindsay before, said Eustace.

"He is naturally obedient, Mr. Mildew," said Lindsay; "and, by the heart of the Bruce—the quality is rare enough! For the apprentice rises against the master, and the son against the father, and the priest against the prelate, and the retainer against the lord; and nobody will obey!"

"The truth is, unfortunately, that the leaders are no longer fit to lead," said Mildew.

"Well, I don't admit that," said Lindsay. "But, waving a discussion which we should never settle, I ask if those who rise against the leaders are fit to lead themselves? The revolt proceeds, and affairs become worse."

Mildew's object was, not to defend or attack one thing or another, so much as it was to draw out Lindsay. He put on his most



eclectic air, and talked without an atom of bigotry.

“There is one principle eternally true,” said Mildew: “that *la carrière* ought to be *ouverte aux talens*.”

“Why, I hear that preached everywhere, to be sure,” said Lindsay. “It is one way of appealing to the selfish principle, like so many other modern doctrines. Get on; make greatness—or fame—or money. And one result of it is, to inspire infinite conceit, and make every whipster, with a pennyworth of wit, insist on his *carrière*, and thunder against Europe, generally. The dullest dogs feel the impulse; and many a fellow turns his wood into lucifer-matches, instead of using it more harmlessly.”

Eustace laughed. Mildew had observed, that he listened with attention; and he thought he would ascertain how Lindsay influenced him, in the matter of staying in or leaving the navy.

He filled up his glass.

“Eustace, I shall drink your success before

I go ; and my time is nearly up, now. I am to drink, then—‘ Eustace Conyers, and may he attain his flag !’ or, ‘ Eustace Conyers, and Conyers-lea !’ shall it be ?”

“ Drink me, as your good friend, and leave the rest to fortune,” said Eustace, gaily.

“ And you will seek fortune ?”

“ Where I am.”

“ What is this spell in the salt water ?” said Mildew, turning to Lindsay, with his strange smile.

“ Nay,” said Lindsay, “ I feel it, but I could not describe it. I suppose one’s good genius belongs to the sea by his race, and draws one there, to keep him company.”

“ I congratulate my friend Eustace, on the good genius he has there,” said Mildew, bowing to Lindsay. Their eyes met. “ Is he flattered ?” thought Mildew.

“ Is he sincere ?” thought Lindsay. Lindsay did not speak ; but he bowed his acknowledgments, in a way which left no courtesy unexpressed. And Mildew rose.

Mildew was obliged to go. Mildew went.

The old 'Hildebrand' was a kindly-conducted vessel; and to land your guest, the authorities did not grudge you, on proper application, a ship's boat. So Mildew had no difficulty in getting on shore. When Eustace returned from landing him, he was full of meditations on all he had said during the day; and especially, he employed himself, in comparing the Mildew of to-day, with the same young gentleman, when he had last been his companion. No face out of his own family did he remember earlier than that of Henry; and, naturally, he felt an interest in him, if only on that account.

He felt that he had been right on one point. Mildew did not talk so freely of himself, as of old. He had lost, too, somewhat the acrid, easy style of gossiping, which that shrewd, little, strange Elizabeth Hilderstone called "his good-natured way of saying ill-natured things." He seemed more in earnest, now. Was he as ambitious as ever? At that, Eustace could only guess. What had become of all his projects and schemes?

Could it be simply true, that he was become a solid, every day labourer at the Bar ?

Eustace was thinking him over in this way during the first watch that night—taking his usual walk, prior to “turning in”—when Lindsay joined him. Of course, he was eager to have Lindsay’s opinion of the stranger.

“Hem !” said Lindsay, “I always overhaul my impressions of a man as carefully as I do the figures in an ‘observation.’ A wrong number might make many a league difference. A man must know his chronometer, he must know his sextant, and he must be sure he’s got his figures as he took them.”

“My dear Lindsay, you have a steady eye and a steady hand.”

“Youngster, your loyalty is gratifying. Well, then, I observe in our friend a quick, susceptible, brilliant mind—highly sympathetic with all kinds of power ; a mind, which is a *conductor*, mark you !—a mind suited to managing, and which would qualify him for intrigue. He is, I fancy, restlessly ambitious ; but that one could have little trace

of, for he gave himself up to the hour, like the eminently mobile man he is. He wanted to see what I thought of things in general," continued Lindsay, carelessly, "and I told him! A notable man, this Mildew. By the way, I wonder why he came down here?"

"Why, he came down—to see me, of course."

Lindsay laughed. "Yes, my dear boy. But he's not a young gentleman to idle away a day in eating our roast mutton. I mean, that he probably had it in his eye to overhaul you a little bit, and find out what you are doing and thinking, for the good folks at Swillington."

"Well, upon my word, that did not occur to me!"

"It would serve him with your father; and who knows what interest he may have in making himself confidentially intimate with him? Mind you, this is only a guess of mine, and may be nonsense."

"He was quite serious, for a few minutes,

in recommending me to leave the navy," said Eustace.

" Ah ! he may have had that as the real object of his visit. Whatever his motives, he's a very clever fellow. Do you notice what peculiar eyes he has ? Their colour changes—they dilate sometimes, as if their size was doubled—and at other times shrink up into little points of light."

" So they do," said Eustace, meditatively.

Whatever were Mildew's projects, all thought of them left Eustace ; at all events, for the present, when " hands up anchor " resounded through the ' Hildebrand.' That fine line-of-battle ship, stately and serene, passed down the channel, and leaving England wrapped in a fog, made her way to sunnier skies. She had a glorious run through the Bay of Biscay, in a breeze which seemed salt to the very soul. Eustace now saw what a good sea was ; and though there was one sad afternoon, when the sight of pea-soup was mortal misery, and the whole

world seemed nothing but wretchedness tempered by brandy, that awful experience passed away quickly ; and next day he was triumphant and happy. He saw the homeward bound ships, which had the breeze right in their teeth, drearily beating under close-reef and reefed-foresail. He came up at noon with his sextant, and took an observation, under the wing of Captain Mogglestonleugh and the Master. He sent in the result of this performance, on a neat sheet of paper to the captain, as did also the other youngsters,—Gorling representing the vessel as being in south latitude, which even the First Lord of the Admiralty would have known to be impossible ! When he was reasoned with, on the point, he maintained that the “Nautical Almanac” was wrong, nor was it for some time, that he could perceive that he had broken an important rule in applying the declination, and had further erred in his use of the terms N. and S. At last convinced, he was sulky, not with himself, but with his neighbours, for the remainder of the day.

The run up the Tagus on a fine day, is as beautiful a run as mortal could wish. The 'Hildebrand' made a capital passage up the river. Eustace from the mizen-top, at furling sails, had an excellent view of the many-coloured country, and picturesque town.

It seemed that the 'Hildebrand' was destined to remain for some considerable time in the Tagus. She was now joined by other ships, too; and Eustace was now the member of a Tagus, as he had been of a Channel squadron. The newspapers, which had formerly raged at the Channel squadron, as unnecessary, were now clamouring for its return from the Tagus, to guard our coasts. According to these authorities, our hero was now helping to "crush constitutional freedom." What is a private gentleman to do in these days? or how is he to be sure that he is honourably employed? The service to be sure, is the great principle; what the service orders, that is a naval man's duty. Such was the dictum of — Bainbridge, Esq., the senior mate, who had inherited the traditions of



the old school. Studds and his party had too much regard for the Lisbon opera, to care much what the ship was doing there; and a winter in Portugal, was "good for the lungs, after our atrocious climate," Studds said.

So, in routine, such as we are acquainted with, in occasional visits to the shore, mule rides, and boating, another winter passed away.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE LOVELY 'LOTUS.'

WALTER LINDSAY was sitting in the evening time, smoking a cigar, and with him, similarly occupied, was the hero of these pages. A light cloud of melancholy as well as the more ignoble vapour of the weed, appeared to hang on the handsome, fair brow of the Lindsay. After a considerable silence, he fairly began a mild species of growl.

"Eustace! I am getting tired of this place. Lisbon, though a beautiful town, is a dirty one. The Portuguese are an uninteresting people. I can find nobody here,

youngster, who appears to be aware that my countryman, George Buchanan, translated the Psalms in this country. He came here to teach the lemon-faced rascals the classics ; they persecuted and imprisoned him. He left for England ; but that he left, in a state of intoxication, having thrown on hastily a dressing-gown and slippers to walk in, ‘ vino captum schola ambulandi gratiâ, togam tantum domesticam et crepidas indutum, exiisse,’ and having in that state chanced to see a vessel getting under weigh—that is a mere figment invented by Father Garasse.”

Eustace nodded his attention and approbation.

“ Buchanan was a great man. His dedication of the said version of the Psalms to Mary, is one of the most elegant things I know. He was a son of Buchanan of Moss, who was a son of Buchanan of Drumkill, and he carried for his arms, a rampant lion holding a human heart in its dexter paw.”

Eustace laughed, pleasantly.

“ And there, my boy, you see an instance,

where heraldry was truly symbolic; for Buchanan's genius made him hold the human heart in his hand, just in that way."

"Did he, think you, ever fancy that himself?"

"Why," said Lindsay, modestly, "I don't know. 'Tis a conceit of my own, and though I say it, who shouldn't—to use a popular phrase—not an intolerable one! But there was a sterner signification, unless I am mistaken, in the original assumption of those arms; for the ancestor of the Buchanans got the estate as a reward for harrying out a rebellious previous holder."

"What a bloody history your Scotch history is!" said Eustace.

"Aye," said Lindsay, "our national character was tried in the fire, that it might come out steel. A handful of the great northern race was flung into the wild beautiful country, to be disciplined, there, in its cold, and its poverty, and its war. Do you remember my showing you in Froissart, how the gay French knights grumbled at their scanty fare, there?"

Well, the force of the training is telling in every colony you have ; and, just as Buchanan's ancestors did their stern work, so the qualities of the race descended to him, to be exercised in a different, though similar way. He had a fine fight here, in Portugal, for instance."

"Where we are so dull," said Eustace.

"No grumbling," said Lindsay, "though I confess, I sometimes feel just now, like that general, mentioned by Lord Herbert of Cherbury, (who by the way—added the genealogical Lindsay, in parenthesis—was an elder brother of the poet George,) who died of having nothing to do."

"And enough, too," observed Eustace.

"That was just what Spinola said, when Herbert made the remark. I don't know a better book, than that autobiography of Lord Herbert's," said Lindsay, yawning.

Eustace yawned, likewise.

Now, when you find yourself yawning in this way—it wanting still some hours of bed-time—there is something unmistakeably wrong with your constitution. So, Eustace thought,

and he made a vigorous demonstration, accordingly, bounding to his legs, and beginning to walk about with immense energy.

"Lindsay, if this lasts much longer, I shall incur your indignation, by saying that I am bored."

"Well, I don't know, that I could blame you," said Lindsay. "But, stop a moment. If I hit upon something!"

"I shall be delighted, if you do."

"Supposing that I propose a new career, will you follow me? If I hoist my cognizance, will you rally to it.

"As long as I have a drop in me of the blood of the Conyerses."

"Then, by St. David," said Lindsay, "I will have news for you soon." Whereupon, he rose, and humming—

Come, fill up my cup, come fill up my can,  
Come, saddle my horses, and call out my men.

—made off for the gun-room, where by this time, the cheerful lamps were lighted, and the "amber fluid" on the table.

Next morning, Lindsay was observed by his friend, to accost the quarter-master of the watch, and to tell him, that "if any officer from the 'Lotus,' came on board, on any business whatever, news of that event was to be given to him, Lindsay."

In a day or two, it was reported to Mr. Lindsay, that a young gentleman, from the "Lotus," was on board. The 'Lotus' was in want of stores, it seemed, and orders had been given that the 'Hildebrand' should supply her with certain casks of salt beef, and salt pork, flour, raisins, and bread, *i. e.* biscuit. These delicacies were being conveyed from the hold, and the "young gentleman" was hovering about the gangway, waiting for them. A glance at this sprig of the British oak, convinced you, that he was one, to whom the greater personal freedom of a small craft was very pleasing ; for he had dispensed with a waistcoat, a proceeding which very copiously displayed his shirt, (one scarcely perhaps worthy of such publicity,) and his uniform was of a faded and melancholy blue.

Lindsay went up to him, carelessly. "Waiting for stores? won't you come and have a glass of wine?"

"Won't I, by Jove," said the young gentleman of the 'Lotus.'

This is the kind of fellow, you know reader, who accepts your hospitality in a cheerful spirit. In a few seconds, he was seated in the gun-room, with sherry before him. He held up the glass to the light: "Gad, I don't see this kind of thing every day!"

"You're short of officers in the 'Lotus,' aren't you," asked Lindsay.

"Very; and of most things."

"Do you like Montfichet?"

"Yes. Montfichet has his failings; but he's a gentleman, you know." This was said in a tone which implied that somebody else in the 'Lotus' was not entitled to that designation. Lindsay smiled.

"The first-lieutenant's name is Doggy, I think?"

"Doggy. But by any other name he'd smell as sweet;—quite!"



Lindsay did not think it necessary to ask the young gentleman his opinion of Doggy.

“ Well ; who do the work then ? ”

“ Why, there’s me, you know ! The master (Blockett), he keeps a watch ; and Doggy keeps the morning watch, and Percy Bibble, a midshipman, keeps one ; then there’s another youngster (Mooney), besides me.— I’m Royster ! ” concluded the speaker, toppling off his glass.

Eustace Conyers had heard this conversation, and guessed Lindsay’s object. He was so tired of the routine of the ‘ Hildebrand,’ that he longed for any change. He trusted that Lindsay meant to effect the transition of both of them to the ‘ Lotus,’ and felt prepared to turn over, with all his worldly goods to her at the shortest notice.

Mr. Royster departed with his stores, meanwhile ; and, that evening, Lindsay and our hero held another discussion. Lindsay at once pronounced for the ‘ Lotus,’ if it was practicable to get to her. This was a new commission of her’s, since the Channel

squadron days, Lindsay said. She was one of the fastest and most beautiful brigs afloat. Eustace would learn seamanship twice as quick in a small craft. He would see far more of the world, too, for they were always knocking about. Then, the freedom; the jolly little mess of their own; all these coolnesses with Beans and Co. fairly got rid of. By Jove!—Eustace swore—it would be delightful!

“By the bye, who is Montfichet, her commander?” asked Eustace.

“Why he is a member of one of the most ancient and illustrious houses of the nobility of England,” said Lindsay, smacking his lips, when he talked of old blood, as men do over old wine. “They have very little money, to be sure; but, bless you, they’re one of the regular families; might be Scotch, my boy! He quarters Plantagenet. No mysterious ancestors crawling out, about Henry the Eighth’s time, after the Reformation, like toadstools sprouting after a thunder-shower! If you tell your father, you’re sailing with Montfichet,

he will send you an extra twenty," said Lindsay, laughing. He is *Normannus Normanorum*."

"Have you ever seen him?"

"Yes; he was on board here one day. Gave Mogglestonleugh a finger; he only gives Pipton himself two; and Grey, of the 'Grampus,' three. I suppose there is nobody in Europe to whom he would give his whole hand—except, perhaps, Henry the Fifth."

"Henry the Fifth! Who is he?" inquired Eustace.

"Who is he, youngster?" said the appalled Lindsay. "Why, the *de jure* king of France, to be sure! Go and bring me some cigars out of my cocked-hat box, Eustace; and I will think our prospects over."

In a few days, Lindsay paid a visit to the 'Lotus,' and as that vessel was in want of officers, Montfichet very willingly consented to apply for him—a mate, who could take charge of a watch, being a desirable acquisition. With regard to Conyers, Commander Montfichet would have no objection to take

him, with Captain Mogglestonleugh's permission. Eustace having, by the time at which we are now arrived, served two years, was subjected, according to the rules of the service, to a slight examination in navigation, &c., and advanced, from volunteer-of-the-first-class (or "naval cadet"), to full-blown midshipman. His only difficulty was his fear that Mogglestonleugh would be sorry to part with him. He had been a faithful *aid-de-camp* to that officer, who had stood *in loco parentis* to him these two years; and so parental was Moggy always, that Eustace dreaded the effect of the parting on the good gentleman's heart.

People may say what they like, but Moggy had his good points. Observers of their brother-man know that he may be a worldling—selfish—servile—a bit of a hypocrite—and in real earnest about nothing but getting on, and yet have something in him of the elements of a good fellow. Moggy did like Eustace Conyers, who so palpably believed in him, all along; and though he bore the

parting like a man, he felt that he should miss his honest, handsome face, at general quarters, and so forth. But would Moggy interfere with a young officer's prospects? or check him in his career of honourable ambition? He was not the man!

In fact, Moggy wrote a letter to Montfichet, in which he recommended our hero to that high-born gentleman. And Moggy—there being now a vacancy for a youngster in the 'Hildebrand'—very soon had it filled up by a young Turk of rank (Selim Baboo), who had just entered our service, to be taught how to qualify himself for high command at home, by-and-bye. Selim afterwards fell in love with the captain's daughter, Wilhelmina (for by this time, the gallant officers of the Tagus fleet had their wives and families out at Lisbon—all having, somehow, obtained passages in men-of-war), and would have liked to see that English rose blossoming in the neighbourhood of the Sweet Waters; but, though the father did not dislike the prospect of a "Pasha" as a

son-in-law, the daughter did dislike Selim, as a man. . . . However, there is no space here for a history of the house of Moglestonleugh, and we must cut short the digression.

Eustace, then, was to leave the 'Hildebrand.' Innumerable men you must live with, and be intimate with, and part from, in this way, if you follow the sea. Eustace knew, as he bid the mess good-bye, that he was looking his last at many of them. "In a few years, where will be all that merry company?" thought Eustace. More than one (the prophetic novelist could have told him) will have stepped into the stern-sheets of Charon's boat, instead of those of the old 'Hildebrand's' first cutter. Beans will go to the West Indies; so will Blimsby, though in a different ship. Blimsby will ask Beans to come to dinner—and Beans will be dead before the day! This is one specimen of many changes.

Oh, pleasant 'Lotus!' The comparison

between a ship and a girl is as old as the hills, (like most that is worth aught in this world); but we must make it once more, and say that there was a beauty in the 'Lotus,' like unto the beauty of woman!

It was not your fresh, simple, dewy, alluring kind of beauty, but, rather a dream-like, moonlit, oriental kind of loveliness, suggestive, indeed, of repose, but with splendid capabilities of energy and passion. The 'Lotus' lay in the water, at anchor, as tranquilly and naturally as a flower in a river; but her look at once told you, that she was a vessel, which, when the proper time came, would fly through the water as a sabre cleaves the air. Therefore, was she called by her admirers, the "lovely Lotus;" and at this hour her portrait hangs in the breakfast room of Eustace Ivo Conyers, Esq., an honoured object.

The 'Lotus' was exquisitely attended to, in personal appearance. For, Montfichet—justly regarding her as representative of all the castles of all the Montfichets—

took good care that she should be seemly to the eye. Her hull was black, with one white stripe—white as silver—encircling it. Inside, the upper deck was painted a bright primrose colour, which was kept delicately clean ; and her masts, tapering away, light, slim, and firm-looking—in hue something like fishing rods—boasted the snowiest canvass the squadron had to show. On the stern of this brilliant brig, Montfichet had emblematically affixed, a small shield charged with three annulets, (the Montfichet arms) over which, were (in modest proportions, however) the crest and motto, viz., a lion's paw grasping a star, and *En avant, Montfichet !* How far this was contrary to discipline (as Doggy asserted), or personally ostentatious (as Blockett maintained), we do not feel called on to pronounce. There were the shield and crest, for Lindsay and Eustace saw them, as their boat rounded the stern, and swept up with a “rowed of all” to the starboard side. In a minute, Eustace felt much as Gulliver did, when he escaped from Brobdignag ; for the deck, masts, &c.,



of the 'Lotus' seemed ridiculously small after the 'Hildebrand.' He stood and stared, till Lieutenant Doggy looked at him. "Well, youngster?—Open your eyes!" (which was kind of Doggy, who was always ready with advice) and then he followed Lindsay's example, and reported himself "come to join." A very few minutes sufficed to hoist their chests out; then, Gorling, who had been sent to convey them on board, shook them both heartily by the hand, and departed in the 'Hildebrand's' boat.

## CHAPTER III.

## LIFE IN THE 'LOTUS.'

THEY had just made this formal report of their arrival (come to join) to Doggy, when Commander Montfichet made his appearance by the companion-ladder. He was a man of about four-and-thirty, blue-eyed, handsome, and high-bred ; contrasting remarkably with his first lieutenant, who was spindle-shanked, grotesque, and restless, and with his master, who was rough, bluff, and tough. Perfect self-possession, reserve, and restraint, encased the outward man of Montfichet, as closely as ever did coat of mail his baronial

ancestors ; underneath this case were humour, and heart, and letters, for those who were permitted to see them. Many things conspired to make him a peculiar man. He was not generally popular, and particularly with senior officers, whose naval rank or seniority were small things in his estimation, compared with his rank as a Montfichet. With Doggy, for instance, he was on icy terms—cold and polished. Both Doggy and Blockett pretended to laugh at him in private, though they really could not help feeling his superiority in all respects. But to youngsters, Montfichet was a different and a pleasanter man. There was no possible rivalry in their case ; and besides they amused him. The world generally was not held in much esteem by Montfichet. This may have been, because he was not so great a man in it as he could have wished. You will say that, after all, he had not much to complain of in that particular ? But when a man has a hereditary claim to be a great personage, he has his own views on that point ; he frets under

mediocrity of greatness, as bitterly as the ambitious many do under total obscurity. Then, again, Montfichet was the ablest of his house, yet his father was only a younger son of the ancient Earls of ——. It was hard for a man to see the diminished house of Montfichet pining with narrow fortunes, and scarcely any political power, while so many inferior families were riding the high horse; and to feel at the same time, that nobody but himself in it, had any capacity at all! Montfichet had meditated these points much; he had both thought and read on the affairs of the day, though he was not communicative in general, and secretly, he was as dissatisfied with the command of the 'Lovely Lotus,' as a Mormon elder with only one wife. But he would have been very angry if he had thought anybody supposed this; for his wish was to pass among ordinary mortals, as complete in himself, contented and calm and inscrutable. Nay, he was even proud that Doggy and Co. misunderstood him; that he had secret thoughts and

aspirations of which they were ignorant We conclude this brief sketch of a curious character, by noticing one excellent particular: Montfichet was resolved to discharge faithfully the duty of the day; he gave his whole heart to the 'Lotus,' and had her in excellent order; and he looked narrowly to the comfort and well-being of the men. Hitherto, he had been unfortunate in his officers; but his brig's general discipline was all that a man-of-war should be.

Now, Montfichet had been somewhat curious to know what kind of fellows his new acquaintances would prove. He came on deck to give them a reception, in fact, at this moment; and they were presented to him by Doggy, like knights to a prince, (though, by the way, Doggy was but a rude lord-in-waiting !)

"Mr. Lindsay, Sir, and Mr. Conyers," said Doggy. "Mr. Lindsay can keep a watch, Sir, no doubt; as for Mr. Conyers, we'll see what we can make of him, presently!"

"Thank you, Mr. Doggy," said the com-

mander, with a peculiarly gentle voice, Eustace thought. But, something in the voice made Doggy sheer off;—Eustace afterwards observed, that the gentler Montfichet's voice was, on any occasion, the less pleased Doggy seemed to be.

“So, you wished to join the ‘Lotus,’ gentlemen?” said Montfichet; “I trust we shall none of us regret it. Mr. Lindsay, you are a Scotchman, I suppose? I thought so. You have served in—. Thank you. Mr. Conyers, you have passed for midshipman? Surely, I know your name? The learned and reverend Mr. Conyers, of ——.

“Is my father, Sir,” said Eustace, bowing.

“If you always remember that, you will be a good officer, I am sure,” said Montfichet. Eustace coloured, and bowed again, delighted.

“I must have the pleasure of your company to dinner,” he went on, addressing them both. “Let me see? To-day, at six—I dine with the king,” said Montfichet. He paused, as if he meditated throwing the king over, Blockett, who happened to be within hearing,

was dreadfully indignant); then he said, "to-morrow, then, at the same hour;" and our friends made their bow, and departed. Montfichet went below, again, and Lindsay and Eustace remained on deck, took a few turns together, and looked over the gangway, at the beautiful river and town.

"By Jove! Lindsay," said Eustace, "what a swell Montfichet is! That's what I call the great manner; somehow, Moggleston-leugh's kindness seems *clammy* after it, like treacle, my dear boy. Don't you understand? He was very friendly, and all that; but there was a kind of oiliness about it. They may say what they like; but, as my dad says, you know, Lindsay——"

"Come out of that! Don't stand on the gangway ladder!"

Eustace's speech was cut short. Our readers will have guessed, that the fatal shears were those of Atropos Doggy. Eustace looked uncommonly blank, and descended the two steps which he had mounted, very promptly. There stood Doggy, with an eye-

glass screwed into his right eye, (to effect which, his face was distorted, as if by a paralytic stroke)—standing bolt upright, on his spindle-shanks—looking ineffably vulgar and disagreeable, and talking to match his looks :

“If you think the ‘Lotus,’ a lounging-shop, Sir, you’ll find your mistake out, before you’ve done with her, I can tell you! You must keep your eyes open, here, young gentleman. Mr. Lindsay, you begin with the first watch, to-night; Mr. Conyers, you keep the morning watch, regularly under me. Now, you’d better go below, and arrange your mess affairs.”

And away went Lieutenant Doggy. It was the characteristic of that officer, to “begin, as he intended to go on.” And a very pretty beginning as we see, he made of it.

Eustace was astonished, and looked ruefully at Lindsay. “I say, Lindsay, this won’t do, I fear. I shall wish myself back in the ‘Hildebrand.’ ”

“Too late, my dear Eustace. The truth



is," continued Lindsay, looking round, and then speaking quietly, "I dare say you are going to have—and myself, likewise—a little trial of our patience under Lieutenant Doggy. I know the service better than you do; and you must take my advice, and keep a guard upon yourself. Who knows, but the discipline may do us service? Doggy will be rude, vexatious, and provoking,—but, don't you lose your temper, or then he triumphs at once."

Eustace shook his head, and looked, as if this were a kind of advice easier to give than to take.

"Nay," said Lindsay, "I preach; but I practice too. But come along, and let us look at our berth;

"'Sum drank wyne, and sum drank aill,  
Syne put the shippis under sail,'

as Sir David sings,—though I fear that but few luxuries are to be had here."

They descended the main-ladder, and turning to the right, entered a corner, wherein

was situated the midshipman's berth. For a while, the eye refused to be satisfied with the degree of light afforded it by this apartment, but in a little, this wore off. The men there, Percy Bibble, and the clerk, and Mooney, a youngster, (Royster being on deck, on duty,) welcomed them with the frank cordiality of the service. Preparations for dinner were being made, for the mess boy was rubbing a tumbler, and looking at the soup tureen. Lindsay and Eustace took their seats on the lockers, Eustace being for a while too much impressed by the novelty of the situation to be much inclined to talk. Lindsay, however, was soon in easy conversation, with Bibble, who was the nearest to himself, in seniority, and one of those free spoken, light-hearted young gentlemen, who have learnt their business in small crafts, and the West Indies. The introductory talk between them was thoroughly professional; and it is often convenient to have such topics to handle, before you come to intimacy; it paves the way, and makes it easy.

“ ‘Hildebrand’s’ been a couple of years in commission, Mr. Lindsay.”

“ Yes.”

“ Mogglestonleugh has her? That’s the man that had the ‘Thunderbolt,’ isn’t it—grounded once, and there was a Court of Inquiry about it, I remember; the same year Jones lost the ‘Spitfire!’ ”

“ Yes; were you there when Charley Barlow was tried?”

“ To be sure; what a shame that was! What became of the old ‘Cockatoo?’ ”

“ She’s in ordinary at Sheerness.”

“ Ah! the old ‘Cockatoo!’ many a jolly evening I had in the ‘Cockatoo’ with poor Bolster; he died in St. Thomas’s. She was a very weatherly ship, the ‘Cockatoo!’ ”

“ Yes; but she had not the speed of the ‘Flamingo.’ ”

“ That’s true; but the ‘Flamingo’ was a devil to roll!”

A pause. Old times present themselves to the mind of Percy Bibble, and he feels friendly with Lindsay, already.

"Were you in the West Indies, when the 'Pea-hen' was there?" inquired Percy Bibble.

"Yes; Mortmain had her."

"What a frightful fellow to swear, he was!"

"He founded a school of men who take after him," said Lindsay, laughing. "Between ourselves, I think—"

Lindsay caught Bibble's eye, and did not finish the sentence. A nervous quiver of the eyelid, vulgarly called a wink, directed his attention to the silent clerk (Poot), who was bending over his desk, apparently reading.

Poot did not look up at the sudden and meaning pause, but Lindsay noticed that he coloured up; yea, to the very tips of his ears. That half-minute taught Lindsay to be careful, when, where, and how he alluded even indirectly to Lieutenant Doggy. The quick intelligence of Eustace, likewise, seized the situation.

"Mortmain's on half-pay," said Lindsay, carelessly.

"Here's the dinner!" exclaimed young Mooney.

The boy entered with a tureen of pea-soup, smoking hot, and the company arranged themselves—Lindsay taking the head of the table. For the first time, they now saw the face of Mr. Poot, which exhibited (the present historian regrets to observe) ugly malignity. No doubt, in healthy and natural states of society, the good and the beautiful go together, even in the outward features of man. How handsome those brave gentlemen of two or three centuries ago! To be sure, Socrates was ugly, but if he had not been a noteable exception to the general rule in Greece, we should not have heard his plainness so much talked about. However, be the general question as it may, many bad fellows are ugly—and Poot was both. Nobody seemed to take kindly to him; Mooney was afraid of him, and his talk with the others seemed to be flavoured with a bitter banter, not indicating love on either side.

Lindsay, as usual, was cheerful and good-

natured. . Eustace used to think that he even exerted himself to be "light and gay," because those qualities are attributed to the Lindsays in the popular poetry of Scotland. When he told him so, one day, Lindsay laughed, and discoursed on "tradition" (a great subject with him), but, indeed, his gaiety on the surface was genuine, and the result of the soundness of his heart. Steel *glitters*, when its condition is most perfect.

The pea-soup was succeeded by a dish of the popular compound called twice-laid, accompanied by a roast cock, tough enough to have been the identical one which crowed on the occasion of St. Peter's unhappy lapse; and when these viands were dispatched, the boy cleared the table, and everybody was evidently supposed to have dined.

"Well," said Lindsay, "I don't know that we have a right to expect

“ ‘Wyld foul, venisoun, and wine.’

(Eustace knew by his look, that he was

quoting Sir David), "but still we are in the land of wine, and, Mr. Bibble, perhaps you will join Conyers and myself in a bottle of port?"

There was a titter from Mooney.

"I should be delighted," said Bibble, laughing, "but there's no wine in the mess."

This led to a general discussion on the state of the mess, which did not begin, however, till Mr. Poot had retired to his "office." Our friends discovered that under one pretext and another, Doggy had forbidden all such luxuries to enter the berth. Poot did not care—was, indeed, reported to have a private store somewhere. Bibble had hitherto refrained from remonstrating, or complaining to Montfichet, and indeed, it appeared, lived in the hope of being able to leave the 'Lotus.' Something, it was evident, must be done, and a thorough reform established.

Next day, about five, Lindsay and Eustace, in full uniform, made their way to the captain's cabin, according to invitation. Mr. Blockett had been invited, but was unwell,

it seemed ; so the dinner-party consisted of three only. Nothing could have happened more fortunately for these young fellows, than Mr. Blockett's indisposition, though possibly it was but a pretext. Montfichet received the news of it with serene calmness. His was not a face that "blabbed," as Lord Halifax says of Charles the Second's ; but still, when you had known him long, you could pretty well interpret it. In after days, Eustace used to think, that unusual serenity and composure indicated most clearly, that Commander Montfichet was not mentally serene and composed.

The cabin was very elegantly furnished, and a book-case was not the least conspicuous object. The commander received Lindsay and Conyers with an air at once frank, pleasant, and dignified ; and down they sat. The steward, who seemed to be on an inferior scale, an imitator of his master, removed the cover from the soup tureen, with a neatness that was almost artistic. Delicacy characterised Montfichet's table arrangements.



Everything seemed to be little, and yet of everything there was a hospitable sufficiency. His dinner was, in fact—to use an expression so absolutely happy that, as everybody knows, it defies translation—*simplex munditiis* ! The silver, the china, the glass were of the simplest form, but the plainness was that of a houri in a morning-gown, or an ode of Anacreon, or a water-lily, or Mr. Brummell's nicest neckcloth. Nothing was displayed, but everything attracted; and the host's conversation was in keeping. In ten minutes, a youngster felt as if he was talking to a mess-mate, and yet the most presuming dog had no inclination to slap him on the back.

It is in this matter of conversation, that a captain's dinner in her Majesty's service is the most awkward of entertainments. Fancy an "entertainment" where you are not entertained, an unbending, where nobody unbends, a feast without revelry, a conversation where talk, properly so called, is unknown. Each is the average "captain's dinner." You feed, and you depart. You eat cutlets, and you

drink sillery, because it is your duty, and consume claret and pine-apples, in the cause of order and law.

Now, had Blockett been present, Montfichet's dinner would have been not so dull, indeed, as most banquets of the kind; but still dull. Montfichet would have had to give a Blockettian tone to the conversation; and admirably he would have done it, in the cause of politeness, and of the service. But with juniors he was, as has been said, always a more open man. He was secretly pleased that our friends had joined the 'Lotus' in this spontaneous, enthusiastic way, though he did do his best to despise popularity. He liked their looks, too. He liked their names, likewise. Perhaps, he fancied that a Montfichet ought to have under his personal command gentlemen, with names of a somewhat similar character. Perhaps, he wished to be liked for his own sake, though he was a commander, and a Montfichet, too. It may be, that if potentates in Europe, generally, indulged in such an ambition, they would

serve the cause of conservatism more effectually, than by all the speeches, pamphlets, and statistics which load libraries.

The Crown was, of course, the toast with which, *more probato*, Montfichet prefaced the dessert. By this time, Eustace had begun to think his commander a very good fellow; Lindsay had been "taking an observation" of him, (to use his own professional metaphor), and, at the same time, had attended to etiquette, by always taking up the conversation which he chose to commence. At captain's dinners, you must not begin with, "I remember an anecdote," or, "Macauley remarks," or "*à propos* of chain cables, Captain ——." Still less must you say, "this is capital claret," as both Eustace and Lindsay felt inclined to exclaim, when the cool wine first saluted their senses. But if the captain will be jocular, why, you may follow suit, modestly. Fontenoy, of the 'Viper,' used to say, that if you made a better joke than the captain, it would damage your professional prospects. Be that as it

may, by the time of the second circuit of the bottle, Captain Montfichet made his guests very pleasantly at home. He was inclined, Lindsay thought, to draw them out a little; and Lindsay resolved to improve the occasion.

“You begin, I suppose, to be at home in the berth, already,” said Montfichet, kindly, “you have seen something of your mess-mates?”

“Something, Sir. Bibble and I must have been in the West Indies at the same time. Then, there’s Royster—”

“And Mr. Poot,” said the commander.

“Why, we’ve seen nothing of him but his face, yet,” said Lindsay, demurely.

Montfichet smiled.

“Do you judge of people from their faces, Mr. Lindsay?”

“When I have studied the face, Sir. The face is not like the figure-head of a ship, stuck on after all’s made, independently. It grows out of the build of the soul and body, like the look of a ship. And you know,

Captain Montfichet, we sailors go much by the look of our ships."

"Ah! the look of the 'Lotus' ought to say a good word for her," Montfichet said.

"The 'Lotus,' Sir, is a day's darling.

"'When his grace cometh to fair Stirling,  
There shall he see a day's darling,'"

said Lindsay, quoting old Sir David.

Montfichet looked at Lindsay, more interested in him than before.

"You seem to like your native poetry, Mr. Lindsay. I have various volumes at your service, if you please, and at your's, Mr. Conyers, if you like."

"Thank you, Sir. I can see Bernard's 'Froissart' from here, Captain Montfichet," said Lindsay, smiling, and helping himself to the revolving claret.

"Froissart has always been a favourite of mine," said Montfichet. "What say you, Mr. Conyers?"

"Froissart is one of a few books which my father selected for me," said Eustace. "I read him sometimes. It's like walking in

Clockenbury Cathedral, which is not very far from us," added Mr. Eustace, modestly.

"And pray, what were the other books which your father selected?" the Captain asked.

"Boswell's 'Johnson,' Burke's 'French Revolution,' and Collingwood's 'Letters,'" said Eustace.

"Very characteristic, and very proper," Montfichet said, smiling a little. "I wonder if the service becomes any better by becoming more literary?" here he looked to Lindsay.

"That is a difficult question, I am afraid, Sir," said Lindsay, smiling; "the service must preserve a proper relation to the age. When you had Squire Westerns, in Somersetshire, you had Trunnions in the navy. Now, we have done with Trunnion, it may be a question, whether we retain all the merits of the old school, along with increased refinement. Our ideal should be, the heart of the old time, with the eyes of the new."

"I quite agree with you, Mr. Lindsay,"

said the captain ; perhaps, fancying that he was just the combination, himself. " Let youngsters do their work with energy, and enjoy their wine, too."

Lindsay's and Eustace's eyes met for an instant.

" Yes, Sir," said Lindsay ; " if they can get it.

" If they can get it !" and the captain laughed. " Midshipmen's messes generally manage it, now-a-days."

" Why, yes, Sir," said Lindsay . " But our friends here, appear to have had some misunderstanding."

" Indeed !" said Montfichet. " I will speak to Mr. Doggy, on the subject."

Lindsay knew that the matter was now arranged, and that he had made one good point, at all events. When coffee had duly been consumed, he and Eustace made their bows, and departed. They found their mess-mates at tea ; and their entry, gay, flushed, and full-dressed, gave a pleasant stimulus to the society there. Everybody brightened up,

except Poot. Whether it was Poot's heart, or his stomach, or his liver, that was out of order—you never saw him genial, or gay. Now, Royster was never otherwise than both; and no hardship or discomfort—scarcely sickness, itself—could damp that lively youngster. The fun, therefore, was to set Royster at Poot; and if you fancy a bear, with a handful of ignited crackers thrown into his den, you can fancy Poot's state, on such occasions.

“Bravo!” roared Royster, as our friends entered. “Had a good feed, eh?”

“Famous!” said Eustace. “And, what do you think, Sir? *à propos* of the claret, we brought the question of the mess having wine on the *tapis*; and you'll see, that that will come right.”

This time, Mr. Poot looked up, with some curiosity.

“Indeed, Mr. Donners.”

“Mr. *what*?” said the astonished Eustace. Royster burst out, laughing: “Poot again! Poot again! He gets hold of the wrong end



of everything ;—he'd walk on his head, if he could, and it wasn't so heavy."

"What do you mean, you young droll? This is the mess buffoon," said Poot, addressing Lindsay and Eustace. (Poot's black sneer !)

"Why, only that his name's not Donners but Conyers," said Royster. "Don't enter his name on the ship's books as Donners, Poot."

"Oh! Conyers, is it?" said Poot, who seemed more interested than might have been expected.

Suddenly, an old, hazy recollection awoke in Eustace's mind.

"Why," said Eustace, "I know the name of Poot. In Huntingford, near us, there is, or was, a ——"

"Bravo!" interrupted Royster. "Perhaps, he knows who Poot is. That's our standing puzzle, here."

Eustace happened to look at Poot, at the moment of carelessly saying what he did. The man's face was absolutely livid with

anger and surprise ; and he stared at Eustace, with curiosity and fear. Such an expression as his face was capable of, on these occasions, was calculated to make one feel startled.

“ Who was this Poot ? ” said Royster.

“ Youngster,” said Poot to Royster, rising, with an oath ; “ I’ll make you wish your tongue had been cut out, some day ! ”

And away went Mr. Poot.

“ There’s a sweet, amiable creature to live with ! ” said Royster. ‘ Gad, Conyers ! he’s your enemy, now. Did you see his face, when he looked at you ? The sailors think him unlucky—not to himself, but to them—and call him ‘ Friday ’ Poot. I told him, once, to stand away from the compass, for fear of disturbing the needle. There’s something unholy about him, Sir,” said Royster, with unusual impressiveness. “ But, who was this Poot, near you ? ”

“ How did Montfichet pick up such a clerk ? ” asked Lindsay ; for Eustace had fallen into a fit of musing.

“ Oh, he found him here, when he came.

Bluffy commissioned the brig, and then Montfichet superseded him, you know. I believe, Bluffy had some interest brought to bear on him, to make him take Poot. He was a purser's steward, I believe, somewhere. Hang him! he has no business among gentlemen.

"Come, Royster," said the good-natured Bibble; "you're going too far. If he was a purser's steward, and has raised himself by his talents, so much the better for him, and the more to his credit."

Meanwhile, Eustace had been interrogating his memory concerning the name of Poot; and vague recollections, as yet, were the only results—recollections of a certain humble, but numerous and ambitious family of Poots, belonging to Huntingford and the neighbourhood. Had one of them been a poacher, and privately transported to Nova Scotia, by a subscription among the gentry? Was not one of them a very active electioneering publican in Huntingford? If Poot were of the race, why, it was an odd chance, that he had fallen

into the same ship with him. Eustace thought of these things, and mentally made a resolution, not to say anything of these Poots to the mess; and to be on good terms with Poot, indeed, if Poot chose. Eustace knew very well, that a man without the advantages of connection, needs no one to help him to stay down in this country. He knew, too, that to remind a man of any *disadvantages* of connection, when he is working his way towards a better sphere than his original one, is to make him your mortal foe. And mortal foes are easily made; friends, you will be a long while making—enemies for life you may make in an hour.

The above paragraph represents a few minutes of Eustace's musing. He answered evasively and carelessly to Royster's question.

## CHAPTER IV.

## A COUPLE OF LETTERS.

## NO. I.

“ ‘Lotus,’ Tagus, 183—.

“MY DEAR FATHER,

“As a signal has been made to the ‘Lotus,’ to prepare for sea, and as it is quite uncertain, when I shall have another opportunity of writing (so Captain Montfichet kindly told) me I send a few lines to give you my latest news. I told you, that there seemed a prospect of personal discomfort in the berth. Thanks to Lindsay, affairs have been put on a proper footing there. He has taken the office of caterer on himself, and provides for all sorts of daily matters, with wonderful punctuality. What amuses me is, that he

draws illustrations out of the homely arrangements: thus *à propos* of potatoes, the other day he observed, that the 'provider, or the feeder,' was the original meaning of the word from which 'lord' was derived, and that the true lord and ruler of men was the fellow who provided for them! He laughed, to be sure, as he made this observation; but certainly he has a way of making ordinary duties assume an antique and romantic aspect. He reconciles me to certain things which I don't think I could tolerate else. But I am not going to trouble you with complaints.

"I am very well satisfied with Captain Montfichet; and I believe he is with me, which is rather more important, as I dare say Mary has already observed, if you are reading this letter aloud. I caught the little satirical beauty out there, I think! Tell her that I long to see blue eyes again, after this tedious Portuguese place, where all the girls have dark eyes, from the Infanta down. To be sure, there was Wilhelmina Mogglestonleugh, who had gray ones; but the squadron has

gone, and the 'Hildebrand' with them, leaving only the 'Indus,' and ourselves. But to return to our captain. Nothing could be kinder or more cordial, with just, you know, a trace of a feeling on one's part, that *he knows* he is being kind and cordial. But this remark found no favour with Lindsay, when I made it to him. He observed with emphasis, that that kind of observation which sees the bad element in the good was detestable; that, besides, it was shallow as he could prove, in all the masters of it, from Rochefoucauld down, that a fellow who indulged in it, was like an ill-bred guest who should sniff at every dish on the table before tasting it; with other ferocious remarks. In fact, the dear old boy was so earnest, that I wickedly suspected that there was more truth in the observation than he liked. However, I dismissed that thought as conceited.

"Certainly, Montfichet is a kind gentleman, and a capital officer. Sometimes, too, he will brighten up, and open out; unfolding

like a flag when it is 'broken,' a technicality which grandfather will explain, if you ask him.

"I mentioned to you, in my last, that there was a Poot on board here, our clerk. I remembered the name, and he seemed so surprised when he heard my name was Conyers, that putting the two facts together, I concluded he was a Huntinglandshire man. I have since found him 'fishing' to discover what I knew of him; and also, whether I had been speaking of the Poots in the mess. Of course, I had no possible motive to speak of the Poots, and if he wishes to pass for a gentleman, he has nothing to do, but behave like one. Indeed, I would have willingly been his friend; but, besides that he obviously bears me no very kindly feelings, he is, in all ways, a singularly forbidding person. Lindsay thinks he has faculties, but with regard to his character, shakes his head ominously.

(Here follow, in the original, pecuniary matters, of no importance to the story.)

"It is quite uncertain, where we go, at least



as far as I am aware. We have laid in a full complement of stores and water.

“ With kindest love,

“ Your affectionate son,

“ EUSTACE CONYERS.”

NO. II.

Dear Thomas,

“ I do not write often ; but I know you like to hear sometimes how I am getting on. Well, I have some news this time, and if you had been as attentive as I am, I need not have been taken by surprise. Who do you think we have on board, here ? Young Conyers, the parson of Swillington’s son. ‘ Eustace Ivo’, it seems, they call this gentleman ; and he has all the smooth-cut features, and the air, and the easy ways about him, of the family, who you know, are as proud as if they owned the whole county. He blurted out something about knowing the name of Poot, but I have since found out that he has never said a word about us. I suppose he thinks he will give the poor

devil a chance of passing for a gentleman (d—n his patronising good-nature!) but I should like to know how much he does know of us. He must have been very young, when Fred's affair happened, in which his father made himself busy, for which good service, by the bye, we owe him his thanks in time. If I could crush a few of those fellows, and establish myself on their spoils, I would be happy.

"It certainly was a pity that Bluffy left this vessel. I had him under my thumb. I hardly see my way with this Montfichet yet, who seems to be a lump of conceit wrapped up in a skin of feudal parchment. He fancies he has me under his command, as Prospero had Caliban; but I see through and through him. I make him fancy, I am awed by him, and bless you, I am *using* him. I have access to the despatches, &c., and see more of many things than he supposes. How these gentlemen would stare in the 'Lotus,' if they knew how much I know! I know where we're going, when we go to sea. Let

me get a good fat freight or two ; then a secretaryship to an admiral, with paymaster-ship in a flag-ship, afterwards ; and, perhaps, I may show the stupid Huntingfordians, a thing or two. Meanwhile, where we are going, I shall keep my eyes open, about a certain mystery we wot of. You know what I mean ; and that it was by the merest chance that you became acquainted with it.

“ Altogether, I may perhaps find in this life afloat the way to success, which I could not find before. But it is a tedious and disgusting life ! The dull, monotonous look of the sea wearies me ; and as for society, there is scarcely such a thing for me here. They are all full of prejudices, and with their high spirits and empty talk, they weary me. I sit, sometimes, and watch them, and think that—but no matter—everybody gets his day at last ! .

“ The first-lieutenant may be made something of. He is vain, too (Lord help him !), and he thinks, likewise, that I am worshiping him, when I am using him. But I like him,

for one thing : he has not the cursed 'gentleman' air of most of them. He makes young Conyers move himself, I can tell you! It is a luxury to see that sprig obliged to run about at his orders. I wonder he does not turn on him some day. When he does, Doggy will be down on him, for insubordination ; and then, there will be news for our conceited reverend gentleman at Swillington.

"For the present, then, I bid you good-bye. I shall expect to hear from you, after my next letter—which will be dated from — a greater distance than this. Your affectionate brother,

"MACER POOT."

These two letters travelled, side by side, all the way to Huntingford, Huntinglandshire, England. No. 1, was duly forwarded in Mr. Conyers' bag, to Swillington ; the other reached, in safety, the person to whom it was addressed, in the town.

## CHAPTER V.

MR. DOGGY'S CONDUCT, AND EUSTACE'S FEARFUL  
REVENGE.

THE 'Lotus' lay at her anchor, with her sea-gear bent. The wind was blowing right out of the river. The boats were hoisted in—all but the gig, in which Captain Montfichet was absent, making a farewell visit to the shore, and to the 'Indus.' The 'messenger' lay along the deck, all ready for weighing anchor. Everything betokened coming excitement in the 'Lotus.' Groups of men paced the forecastle; knots of officers stood on the quarter-deck. Mr. Crabb, the boat-

swain—Crabb, who was a radical in politics, and a despot in practice—Crabb, the terrible, but the humorous—walked the gangway by himself, with his glittering silver “call” hanging out, all ready to make the vessel ring with “hands up anchor!” The ‘Lotus’ was going to sea. A bird ready to fly—a bottle of champagne, with a knife at its throat—the Poppettini, just before she bounds to the centre of the stage; such objects resemble the pleasant ‘Lotus’ at that moment.

Lindsay and Eustace were walking about, together; they paused, and looked a farewell look at the town. “Lisboa,” said Eustace, addressing the city, “I hope that I am now bidding you a long farewell.” Lindsay gazed at it likewise.

“O lang, lang may their ladies sit,  
With their fans into their hand,  
Or ere they see Sir Patrick Spense  
Cum sailing to the land.”

said Lindsay, laughing. “Sir Patrick Spense

my dear Eustace," he continued, "is the *beau ideal* of a sailor. Have you observed, ever, the peculiar lesson of the last stanza?—

‘Haff owre, half owre to Aberdour,  
A thousand fathoms deep—  
And there lies good Sir Patrick Spense  
With the Scots lords at his feet!’

The Scots lords *at his feet*; subordination existing to the last, you see, Eustace."

Mr. Crabb neared the speakers; for very decent relations existed between the midshipman's-berth and Mr. Crabb.

"Fine wind, Mr. Lindsay; we'll show 'em our heels, presently. Captain Montfitcher now," said Crabb, "is making of his adews to the royal family, I'll be bound. And a very pretty lot you are!" he went on, apostrophising the house of Braganza, generally. "A very pretty lot. I'm what they call a plebbin, Mr. Lindsay; but put the two of us aboard of the 'Lotus,' and ask Dom What-yecallo to put her about! Some of these days we'll be all equal, I expect."

Here a first-class boy, going "forward," with a bucket, brushed against Mr. Crabb.

"Why, you d——d young son of a sea-cook! do you know who you're knocking against?"

Out comes Mr. Crabb's "colt." *Exit* boy, rubbing himself, and writhing. Mr. Crabb puts the "colt" in his pocket, and continues,—

"All equal, Mr. Lindsay!" And Mr. Crabb, having finished his oration, resumed his walk, rubbing his hairy hands, and stretching his huge limbs jauntily.

Soon, a boat was seen approaching—the gig. Mr. Doggy came to the gangway, and received Captain Montfichet. All eyes were upon the captain, who stepped on board with his usual quiet and reserved manner, with Doggy at his heels.

"Get under weigh, Sir?" said Doggy.

Captain Montfichet did not like being anticipated in an order. "When I give directions, Mr. Doggy," he replied. Whereupon he descended to his cabin, leaving Doggy



as irritable "as a bear with a sore head," a comparison made by Mr. Crabb, who was still pacing the gangway. Crabb despised the first-lieutenant for his puny *physique*, and hated him for his abusive way of carrying on duty.

After the lapse of a few minutes, Montfichet reappeared. Once more, all eyes were upon him, as he spoke to Mr. Doggy. Doggy advanced forward this time and cried: "hands up anchor!"

The 'Lotus' was all alive in an instant. The capstan was manned; the fife rung shrilly, accompanying the heavy tread of the men; and the cheerful clank of the chain messenger announced that the cable was coming readily in. Montfichet stood aft, silently, on a carronade slide. The effect of the scene on Doggy, however, was peculiar, and our hero, Eustace, now began to see him to advantage. He roared, he fumed, he fretted, and ran to and fro, like a cocker beating. He perpetually shifted his position, shrieking first to one officer, then to another,

and garnishing his orders with oaths and buffoonery. Never was there such an undignified spectacle; never was a figure seen at once so hateful and so ludicrous as that of this grotesque and excitable mortal, foaming and fretting about the deck of the 'Lotus.'

"Hands loose sails!"

Away went the men aloft. Eustace was stationed in the fore-top, and a-head of his men he shot, and gained his place. Mr. Doggy fired his peculiar orders, however, at the tops, and rigging, as if rook-shooting. Nowhere could one escape the pellets, and the mal-odorous smoke.

"Fore-top there! Mr. Conyers! do you hear me, Sir? Keep your ears open, and your wits about you, Sir. Mr. Crabb, why what the devil are they at on the jib-boom? Are you waiting for my old grandmother to come and loose the jib? Mr. Lindsay, hands to the topsail-halyards, Sir, and look as if you heard me, Sir. Fore-top! why, what the devil are they at in the fore-top? Mr. Conyers?"

“Sir.”

“Come down on deck, Sir!”

Wondering what was the matter, down came Eustace, running down the fore-rigging. The deck was crowded; the men all looked at him as he went aft. He was the centre of a hundred eyes. Flushed, curious, his heart beating with the physical agitation and the moral, Eustace Conyers stood before this petty tyrant, to wait his pleasure.

Doggy stretched a long fore-finger out at him, like a serpent's tongue. “Take care, Sir! You neglect your duty, Sir. Take care!”

White foam had gathered on Doggy's lips, and yet his throat seemed dry, as he screamed in a husky voice, “Aloft again, Sir, to your place!”

Eustace turned to go forward again. By accident, he caught the eye of Poot, who had thrust his head up the main-hatchway, and was enjoying the scene. Pleasure was in Poot's eye, which lighted up his hideous, expressive features in a singular manner.

Eustace made, fast, for his post. In a few minutes, sail was on the brig; the anchor was hoisted up; and with the wind on her quarter, away went the 'Lotus' down the river. "Pipe down," was soon the order. All but the watch were at liberty to go below; and Eustace went to the berth, harrassed, vexed, and a little despondent. Had he been one who hated the service, or who viewed it as a mere trade, he would not have been so much hurt. The mischief which is done by a Doggy is peculiarly this—that it is on the generous spirits that his mean conduct tells.

Doggy would never have affected Pearl Studds so, for instance. Pearl would have been more amused than hurt; he would have shrugged his shoulders—"why, you see he knows, Sir, that as he is a lieutenant, I cannot kick him; and if I sent Trigger Studds of the Fusiliers to him with a message, he would only report me." But Eustace, as we know, had an enthusiastic feeling towards the service; through that feeling, he was more vulnerable

than if he had had it not. And here, be it noted, that the mischief which a Doggy does is scarcely credible. Many a gallant young heart has been soured by such persecution, at sea, and on shore likewise. Many a high spirit which danger and hardship and absence from home could never turn from its aims, has shrunk from the chill thrown on its romantic enthusiasm by persons like this. The effect is all the more fatal, because the means are so paltry. The ruder the hand, the more readily it brushes away the fine and delicate bloom from the grape. And the bloom of character is that light enthusiasm which makes men love their work for the beauty in it—which is the essence of excellence in every pursuit carried on in this world.

Eustace was sitting at the table in the berth, (by himself, as it happened,) vexed, as we have said, and despondent. A hand was laid on his shoulder, and the voice of his "Achates," Lindsay, was in his ear. Lindsay knew what he was about, too well, to begin with a solemn condolence. He entered,

lightly laughing, with a bright eye, and lively voice :

“What think you, Eustace ?—

“ ‘ Mars, Venus, and Mercurius, all three  
Gave me my natural inclinationuis.’

as Sir David sings ; for see how cheerful I am ; and Doggy has just called me a son of a sea-cook ! He was running forward to kick a boy, and I got in his way by accident. Now, I am not the son of a sea-cook, but of a respectable advocate of the Scottish Bar, Laird of Pittenmungo ; and I am no way injured by the imputation.”

Eustace looked up ; his laugh was not a very lively one ; but it was a laugh, and so much was gained.

“I heard our friend’s interview with you. A disagreeable dose to swallow, I admit. Stop ! I know what it is, for when I was some years younger, I chafed at the kind of thing myself. Every opinion I have is the result of downright experience ; and, therefore, worth

something. If Mr. Doggy is—what he is—why, so much the worse for him. Perhaps, he can't help it.

“ ‘ A crab, though digg'd and dung'd cannot produce  
A luscious fruit.’

says an old Scottish poet, Patrick Hannay, of James the Sixth's time. But Mr. Doggy cannot annoy us, unless we let him. It's no use seeking grace at a graceless face, as Johnny Armstrong said; but one must do without grace, under such circumstances.”

“ Bravo, Lindsay! Always ready to throw a pleasant halo round everything!” Eustace said.

The conversation stopped here; for Royster entered. Royster was famishing for tea, and it was now near the time of that meal. The ‘Lotuses,’ (as these young gentlemen called themselves,) had dined at the primitive hour of one. The berths began to fill, for Bibble entered, and Fuller, the assistant-surgeon. The mess-boy was pot-

tering about the buffet, and arranging the crockery, previous to departing to the galley for the coffee and tea.

"Well, Bibble, how are we going along?" inquired Lindsay.

"Wind on the quarter—spankingly. By Jove! how hungry I am. Are you fellows all ready for a good long cruise?"

"I am," said Lindsay, "four dozen clean shirts in my chest—socks to match—ready for any climate—and five hundred cigars."

"I wish I knew where we were going," said Bibble.

"Here's Poot!" exclaimed the malicious Royster. Poot was quietly coming in to his tea, but perfectly understood the implied sarcasm. Rumour—and rumour is not always wrong, as Tacitus observes in the incomparable "Agricola"—rumour, then, hinted that Poot was something of a spy. Certainly, many things were known to find their way to Lieutenant Doggy, the carriage of which was not otherwise to be accounted for. But that Mr. Poot had a little den of his own



(the 'office') near the berth, it would have been impossible for the mess to keep even on such terms as they did with him. As it was, he knew that he was distrusted; that he was not loved; and he repaid the feeling with the bitterness we have marked in his letter.

"Master Royster," said Poot, taking his seat; "don't be quite so ready with my name. You've no more right to paw it about, than you would have to paw me about."

Silence followed this sententious observation, and coffee and bread-and-butter immediately made their appearance.

"We get something to eat, now," said Royster, gratefully addressing himself to Lindsay. And so saying, he took an immense "helping" of the simple food. Poot was quite ready for his share, and called out to Royster to pass the plate.

"The plate to the plain gentleman! I must not mention his name," cried Royster.

Everybody expected to see personal cas-

tigation fall on the head of the audacious youngster. Poot scowled for a moment; but he had himself under great control, and said nothing. He deferred a bit of revenge, as a *bon-vivant* sets aside a very superior bottle of wine, to be drunk by-and-bye, when his rich grandmother dies, or he has a lord to dinner, or on some occasion of the kind.

Royster was encouraged, and began to talk about the ship, generally.

"I know where we're going. I know it's a long way. Doggy has had his things washed: a sure sign. He sent the dingy on shore for them—upon my honour he did. I don't care if he knows I said so, as he probably will."

A pause.

"Royster, take your tea, quietly, like a good fellow," said Lindsay, who was now the senior in the berth.

Royster knew his man, and that the frank bearing and humorous talk of Lindsay, did not prevent his having a very sharp notion of discipline.

"Your health, Mr. Lindsay," said Royster, drinking his coffee; "you're good enough to be an Englishman."

The hands were turned up that evening at sunset, to reef top-sails, according to custom. A scene much like that of a few hours before took place. We will spare our readers the details this time. Suffice it, that Mr. Doggy was in his glory. He showered a whole cornucopia of the flowers of Billingsgate about, and some of the choicest of them fell upon Eustace Conyers—the child of a house, remarkable even among the households of the English clergy, for pious decorum, and gentle refinement; a youth on whose head had lighted, even from the cradle, reflected from his father, some of the last rays of the old courtesy and beauty of the feudal manners.

Mr. Doggy ran, as before, to and fro, storming and raging; and once he used (it was to the warrant officers) an expression of abuse, so inconceivably foul and obscene, that any officer who had chosen firmly to report it

to the commander, would probably have ruined Doggy for life.

In fact, it became apparent to Eustace, in a day or two, that Lieutenant Doggy had taken a dislike to him. Dislikes of the kind are common everywhere; in professions of all sorts they work important consequences; in professions like the navy, they are often of immense importance in their results. Who shall say, why Doggy disliked Eustace? Perhaps he thought him a favourite of Montfichet's. Possibly, Mr. Poot had something to do with it. It may have been a caprice, a personal fancy, an accident. But, for Eustace Conyers, it was a serious thing. Had he lost his temper, why, then would have come the charge of "insubordination," the report, the reprimand, change of ship, prejudice with next captain, &c., &c. Had he left the service in disgust, the service would have lost a good officer, and Eustace the very vocation for which nature had qualified him. And all this would have happened, because the late John Doggy, R.N.,

married for money, a cross-grained widow from Wapping, took to liquor, and produced a son with a hereditary tendency to biliousness. On such little accidents (as one often hears philosophers observe), do remarkable events depend.

Eustace, however, was saved from a fate which has happened to many men, by good fortune. He owed, indeed, much to the friendship of Lindsay. Lindsay's advice was always excellent; and he had the art of enlisting sentiment in the cause of common sense. He exercised a magic influence over Eustace, likewise, from this, that whatever Eustace felt, Lindsay had felt before. He had passed through the same stages of feeling, and could sympathise, could explain, could foretell. But more effective than his advice, was his example; and his unflinching good spirits were actually inspiring. Yet, not even to Lindsay, did Eustace owe his escape, so much as to an accident, which happened ere the 'Lotus' had been a week at sea.

Eustace, as we have said, had to keep the morning-watch regularly, under Doggy, a watch lasting from four A.M. to eight. All this time, he was peculiarly under Doggy's eye; and, to "keep an eye" on a man, is the professional expression for the process which Doggy was now carrying on against Eustace. To keep "an eye" on an inferior officer, is to mis-interpret his looks, and misunderstand his actions; to embarrass his activity, and embitter his leisure. It implies an anxious looking for faults; and what a man is determined to see, he easily imagines to exist.

Let us glance for a moment at the details of this process. First, we have personal abuse, when the duty is being carried on; then, we have annoying interference with one's comfort, below, when duty is over. Next, we have the denial on various pretexts of those indulgences (leave to go on shore, &c.), which are permitted by the customs of the service. Finally, we have distinct ingenious punishments, inflicted by a cunning

evasion of law. Mr. Doggy could not, indeed, “mast-head” Eustace, that old infliction having been abolished by the Admiralty, when the peace brought the cadets of the revolution families, and the monied families into the service, to rough-ride, and rob of their proper influence, the ancient gentry, poorer nobles, and able middle-class men of this wisely-governed realm. But though you must not formally “mast-head” a mid., you can send him aloft, to look for land, five hundred miles off, or to look for a five-masted steamer, or to sight a vessel which is below the horizon, if anywhere, or on some such mission of honourable utility. Every trick of the kind was well-known to Doggy.

It chanced, then, that one fine morning—‘Lotus’ going “free,” studding sails set on starboard side, over-head, a lovely blue sky, below, a sea all sparkle and gaiety—Mr. Doggy had exhausted the resources of his art. Mark the man whom fine weather does not soften and cheer; that man has no

good relations with Dame Nature, and for him, the mighty mother has "wormwood on her dugs." The beautiful morning had no influence on Doggy; and to Eustace, his figure seemed to stand out against it, in hideous relief. About six, he sent Eustace to the fore-topmast-cross-trees, on one of the usual pretexts. It struck four bells (six) while he was aloft; and in ten minutes he descended. He made his report. "Very well," was the reply. And Doggy paced the deck, his spindle-shanks looking spectral, eye-glass in eye, and his simious features yellowed with bile. Presently, he stopped dead short:

"Mr. Conyers!"

"Sir!"

"Did you heave the log at six?"

"No, Sir, I was aloft by your orders."

"Not at six, Sir!"

"I beg your pardon, Sir, I was. I heard it strike four bells, before I came down."

"You didn't, Sir!"

The blood flew to Eustace's face; and, for



one burning instant, he felt murderous. He conquered his impulse; but there was a look in his eyes, which Doggy had not seen there before, as calming himself (though imperfectly) he said:

"I beg to repeat, Mr. Doggy, that what I said was true."

"Very well, sir. Very well, indeed, sir! We shall see, sir!"

And Mr. Doggy commenced walking the deck, at his former pace. The fact was, he had no further step of vengeance ready; he was shaken; and he wanted to gather up his faculties, and concentrate his spite.

Pause. Tranquilly rushes on the "Lotus." The white sails are steadily filled, and the beautiful brig makes a deep wake in the sea. Not a sail is in sight. Only, round the stern, hover in tremulous circles, now and then, the snowy sea-birds. Time glides away. The men go below to breakfast; and everything is quieter than ever. Eustace thinks, absently, for a few moments, of home. The light, he knows, lies full on it, and about this time

the house is stirring, and his father is in the garden, and . . . . .

Doggy is still walking the deck; and Mr. Crabb, the boatswain, comes aft on Eustace's side of it, to see about something.

"Mr. Crabb," says Doggy; "would you mind taking the helm a minute? Toms (to the young seaman who has been steering) go to the galley—tell the gun-room steward to make some coffee for me—bring it up." Away runs Toms; Crabb silently obeys.

Pause. Eustace's reverie is over; and he is walking his side of the deck, quietly and collectedly. Only these three figures are on deck, now. The "Lotus" is flying—with deep tranquillity, for it is smooth water—but flying. Light arrowy clouds . . . . .

An oath from Doggy!

"There's a rope's end hanging out of that port, sir! D—n your carelessness!"

Doggy rushes to the port in question, on

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Eustace's side of the deck. Eustace follows him. "Where, sir?"

"Where, sir?"

Doggy "cranes" out of the port; urged by rage he thrusts himself bodily on—and losing his balance, goes straight into the sea!

He fell, end on—the thin Doggy—and with a very slight splash. Eustace was struck with astonishment.

"Nobody saw it, Sir," said Crabb, in a deep whisper. "We won't miss him! He can't ——"

"Shorten sail!" roared Eustace Conyers, as he never roared before. Montfichet rushed up, without a jacket; the men bounded in crowds up the ladders; and letting go the life-buoy, and flinging off his jacket, overboard went Eustace.

Eustace was a first-rate swimmer—young, brave, and in perfect health. The salt water freshened him up; and he made straight for that black lump, which he knew to be Doggy. Steadily breasting on, he never took his eye

from the spot, as well as he could distinguish it. When he drew near, he saw Doggy (whom he had missed for a minute or two) rise to the surface, like a bunch of sea-weed. He circled round him, watching his time; then, caught him by the back of the neck, and holding him up by the left hand, paddled tranquilly, and looked for the "Lotus."

The "Lotus" had rounded to—gathering in her studding-sails—and was now head towards them. All had been done with their customary smartness; and with joy Eustace saw the black form of a boat coming. Lindsay had jumped into it, and the crew were "giving way" famously; Lindsay, meanwhile standing up in the stern-sheets, cheering them on, and waving his white handkerchief to Eustace, more like a wild man, than a sober Scottish gentleman.

"Give way, my lads! Bravo, Eustace, my boy! God bless you! In with the bow oar! Back your larboard oars! How are you, Eustace?"

Mr. Doggy would have perceived that it was not *his* safety, but that of Eustace, that Mr. Lindsay was interested in, but for the fact, that he (Doggy) was in a state of unconsciousness—soaked and salted to the very sources of life—water pouring from his nostrils, and his mouth—a fearful object. He was instantly attended to, and, meanwhile, Eustace sat in the stern-sheets, fearfully tired and panting, but fast recovering. And, so, the boat pulled to the “Lotus,” Lindsay holding Eustace’s hand in his all the time, and talking.

The “Lotus” was lying to; and heads peered over at them, in every direction, as they came alongside.

It was quite a scene, when they reached the deck. Montfichet was there. He had brought the brig to; then dived below, and put on his uniform jacket. He politely stepped aside, not showing much emotion, as Doggy was carried below, streaming; but, when Eustace set his foot on the deck, he was there to receive him.

"Good morning, Mr. Conyers," said Montfichet, welcoming him with a smile.

Eustace, whose clothes had all collapsed about him, and about whose feet a pool immediately formed itself—returned the salutation. Then, down the hatchway he went; and stripping, scrubbing, warm towels, dry clothes, and brandy (brandy, "with Captain Montfichet's compliments" came, *per* steward, and excellent it was) made a marvellous improvement in him. The mess received him with raptures; Royster, whose untameable vivacity was as ready with tears as laughter, absolutely cried:

"I knew you would save him, Eustace. (Here, he cried.) You're a brave fellow. (Tears.) By 'gad, he'll never be drowned!" And, here, Royster burst out hysterically laughing, dried his tears, and began eating a large bit of bread-and-butter. Poot did not appear amidst all this; but kept close—in that office which has been already mentioned. Probably, he could not have told you, himself, whether he was most glad that

Doggy was saved, or sorry that Eustace had saved him.

And, now, Doggy suddenly reformed—became the kindest of men, and Eustace's bosom friend ever after? No! Not so, has the present historian read human nature. He does not believe in the sudden conversions so often found in the pages of brother (and sister) novelists. He has to record, indeed, that Doggy's conduct improved towards Eustace; which mere shame, and dread of public opinion, naturally brought about. Some bungling and blushing gratitude Doggy expressed, causing Eustace much embarrassment (and nearly stirring him to a tenderness which Doggy would have despised); but he now avoided meddling with him; and Eustace no longer kept the morning-watch, as before. Towards others, too, Doggy for a while was worse conducted than ever; shame impelling this kind of man to revenge himself on somebody for the annoyance he feels. Crabb's advice to Eustace, during the crisis of the lieutenant's fate, our friend mentioned

to no one, but Lindsay ; and a hearty laugh it evoked from the genial Walter. They talked to Crabb about it, and he laughed with them ; well knowing that no " report " need be apprehended from such a quarter.

It now happened, fortunately for all parties, that H.M.S. ' Lotus,' 16, lost the services of Lieutenant Doggy. The ' Lotus ' put into Gibraltar ; and lay for a few days in the shadow of the grand old Rock. Along that bay, as the eye wanders, it lights on the distant white glitter of the little town of Algeziras.

To this town, Doggy must needs ride one day, to see a very poor provincial bull-fight,—where third-rate gladiators torture third-rate bulls, for the amusement of third-rate spectators. Unfortunately, the bull, on this particular occasion, was an unusually dangerous animal. He made at the audience, and tossed (like a patriot) the foreign gentleman, in preference to his countrymen. A dispatch reached the ' Lotus,' with the news, that Don Doggy (so the letter said) was lying



with a broken leg, and other injuries, in a private house in the town. In due time it appeared that Doggy's case required that he should be invalided, and sent home. A lieutenant—a jolly, sporting, fresh-faced gentleman, named Robert Brindley, Esq., known as Bob Brindley, otherwise "Slashing" Brindley, otherwise Brindley of the 'Sparrow' (a schooner which he had once commanded in the West Indies)—came out to them in one of the Peninsular and Oriental steamers. We shall see what manner of man Brindley was in due time.

Meanwhile, here were weeks passing, and why dallied the pleasant 'Lotus;' hovering about the mouth of the Mediterranean, like a bee about the mouth of the infant Plato? For, not to that seducing sea was the 'Lotus' now destined to go. Elsewhere was the 'Lotus' bound; to a fiercer sky and hotter waters.

Once more, at last, the 'Lotus' prepared for sea. Eustace had seen something of the quiet, dull, hospitable Rock. He had been

introduced by Lindsay to some gentleman of a Scottish regiment there. He had ridden with the Calpe hunt. He had variously enjoyed life, as Englishmen do. And yet he was glad, when Mr. Crabb's "call" brought the men to the capstan; and when, with an easterly wind, the 'Lotus' ran out of the Straits.

Eustace Conyers was now no longer a boy. Physically and morally, he had shot up briskly since he had joined the navy. He was through the boyish stage of mere animal spirits, eager vivacity, and all-sided receptiveness. He had arrived at the crisis, when growth becomes rapid and decided; when the great moral and intellectual questions of life come pressing thick upon the soul; the era of a new hope and a new wonder; the time of restlessness, and longing, and passion.

We must endeavour to give some notion of Eustace's mind and character at this period, by extracting from his private log—

an unprofessional document belonging to those days. Let us pass away the time over its pages, while the 'Lotus' is bound for the West Coast of Africa.

## CHAPTER VI.

## EUSTACE CONYERS'S LOG.

“ At Sea.—H.M.S. ‘ Lotus,’ 183—.

“ LATITUDE,  $35^{\circ} 15' N.$  Longitude,  $13^{\circ} 13' W.$ —Southward ho!—The ‘ Lotus ’ is bowling away with a fair wind to the southward, and when we shall all come back again, who knows? Pleasant, mild weather, and every day brings us nearer to a hot climate. I feel inspired already by the genial air, and don’t wonder that poor languishing consumptive girls come this way, to enjoy a little more life at

Madeira, like plants in a hot-house. To be sure, we are going to a far hotter climate, and the 'Lotus' is now the standing subject of conversation. Everybody in good spirits. Last night I had the first watch, and the men were singing the popular—

'Farewell and adieu to you dear Spanish ladies,  
Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain,' &c.

"What a blessing that we got rid of my friend Doggy at Gibraltar! By all accounts, we shall find the coast bad enough in itself, without such a stimulus as he would have given to it. *A propos* of the heat—Royster's last impudence to Poot was not bad. Poot was saying that he feared the liver complaint. 'Take care, if you do get it,' said Royster, 'or you'll be made into *paté de foie gras*.'

"Brindley is a capital fellow; easy, jolly, and friendly. It is his delight to 'make everybody comfortable,' and though he assuredly begins with himself, he does not end

there. Montfichet seems to like him very well, and certainly he does his best to please our potentate. I was amused by him the other night, at dinner in the cabin; he has a jolly way of flattering people, as if you should fling rose-water at a man, pretending to souse him. The subject of the 'coast' came up, and he affected to blame Montfichet. 'What right, Sir, have you great *seigneurs* to be going on such a service? We fellows shall have nobody to grumble at, if you go on in this kind of way!' Brindley can polish off a bottle of claret (as Royster observes) with any man, and Montfichet's claret is first-rate. 'Why sir, it is almost as old as your family!' said Brindley, with the same jolly tone. Brindley has hunted, and fished, and shot everywhere; he can cook, he can do private theatricals, and never, I should think, had a day's ill-health in his life. I take charge of the morning watch now. He is good enough to tell me, 'I can trust you, Conyers,' and so he stays below, and

takes his nap out. Of course, as I am personally trusted by him, it is a matter of honour to keep a bright look-out, as he would get into the scrape if I did not. Lindsay likes him, and is eminently amused by his study of him, apparently.

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“Latitude— Longitude— How this ‘Lotus’ does sail, the beautiful creature! At daylight we see a lumbering merchantman on the horizon, a-head; in four hours, she is hull down on the horizon astern. We sent letters by a homeward bound ship yesterday; and I wrote a long, long yarn to Swillington, drawing visions of prize-money and fame; though it will be a long time, I fear, before I get prize-money enough to buy back the estates of the Conyerses, which is my dear old governor’s notion of the height of human bliss! In his heart of hearts, I wonder if he is sorry that I would go to sea, and not try to pursue some career which might lead to fortune, and the rest of it?”

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“Are we not well out of England, now, with its distress and its agitation, and its heart-burnings; we, that is to say, who have no power of mending what is wrong, and who, at all events, are doing our duty where we are?

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“What is the duty on the coast of Africa, by the bye, in its relations to general principles? This is a subject one often hears discussed in the ‘Lotus,’ just now. There are twenty-two vessels guarding some three thousand miles of coast, to prevent West Indians and Brazilians, from helping themselves to black men. Percy Bibble says, that ours is a great Christian country bound to suppress slavery, because slavery is a crime. Royster says, ‘why do we eat slave-grown sugar then, sir,’ (putting a lump into his rum-and-water at the same moment). ‘If we will eat sugar, the Brazils must have niggers. White men can’t work in the Brazils, you know.’ (Here a laugh at Royster’s decisive manner follows.) ‘What right have they to



make fellows, like you and me, stew for two years, to prevent Brazilians having niggers, sir?' Lindsay makes the safe observation, that it is a very difficult question; but adds that one thing is as clear as light, that 'naval men are cheerfully and zealously to go where the pleasure of the crown requires that they should go.'

"Dear old Lindsay! the 'pleasure of the crown' is a most sonorous expression. But what is sending us southward, the 'pleasure' of any individual one could cheerfully follow, without asking questions? Not so. But one set of men impelling another set of men—the motives—what?

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"Can the sentiment of loyalty be felt for a 'board,' as of old it was for an individual? My great-grandfather followed the Pretender, because he loved him. Why have such emotions disappeared out of politics?"

"It would seem, as if all the higher feelings were leaving public life, and confined to private life only; but once they belonged

equally to both. War—parliament—feudal duties were to the gentlemen of Froissart's time, as much objects of sentiment, as marriage, or songs. How different the case with us !

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“ One seldom meets a sailor to whom the ‘ God send the good ship safe home ! ’ on a bill of lading—seems anything but a quaint old formality. Yet it is pregnant with matter for profound reflection. (This, Lindsay observed to me).

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“ Lat. —, long. —, wind N.W. We caught a shark yesterday—a sight for me, though an old story to many on board. We had seen a couple of pilot fish—queer little fellows, the colour of tartan almost, playing about ; and soon after, somebody discerned the fin of the shark above water. He neared us, and we baited a large hook with a piece of pork. The men came aft to see the process—many of them gathering in the main-rigging—and there was lots of fun and

excitement. The fellow sheered near the pork ; presently, he gleamed suddenly white, (as, turning to bite, he showed his belly)—the line tautened ; he was hooked. He was dragged alongside, to the chains, and a ‘ running-bowline ’ slipped over him. He struck out terribly on deck, but his tail was chopped off, and then the men dragged him away, forward.

“ A ‘ steak ’ was sent in to the berth, but we could none of us manage it. What a deadly look the brute has in his eye ! Royster declared, that even Poot was nothing to him.

“ We, none of us seem to get on any better with Poot. Lindsay and he are, perhaps, on the best terms ; but their intimacy does not go beyond politeness. Poot, who has much shrewdness, certainly, sees, I suppose, what is perfectly certain, that Lindsay is far-ahead of all of us, in talents and acquirements. Lindsay does not care, particularly, about men being ‘ clever,’ and informed me in one of our confidential chats,

that Poot was an 'incarnation of low ambition'—the lowest thing of all.

"The life of the service is peculiarly favourable to friendship—one reason more for loving it. The happiness of men here is so much dependent on the way in which they behave to each other, that the kindly are particularly kind, and the disagreeable must keep a restraint on themselves. Perhaps, one loves a friend more, because from love in its highest form (love for woman) we poor devils are comparatively excluded. Perhaps, friendship is, after all, the higher feeling of the two. On this subject, I shall defer my opinion.

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"We continue to debate the slave question—all but the loyal Lindsay, who declares that our only business is with the pleasure of the Crown. I believe that I love Lindsay more than ever; but I certainly fight with his decisions more than I did. To all my arguments his reply is, that every young fellow in our time *must* go through a slight revolutionary fever; that, thanks to him, I

have taken it in a very mild form, and that all I want is, time and experience. The truth is, that our faithful Lindsay is at heart a gentleman of feudal opinions. That is the key to everything he says. Now, he is an excellent officer, and an excellent man, likewise; thanks, not so much to his opinions, as to his personal disposition, which would make him an excellent officer, &c., were he a Chartist, instead of a Tory. He smoked two cigars over this last remark of mine, recently; blushed at the compliment, and took the criticism as kindly as usual. Dear old Walter!

‘The wise Sir Walter Lindsay they him call,  
By sea and land ane valzeand capitaine!’

as the immortal Sir David (with whom I have now a respectable acquaintance) observes. It is pleasant to hear Lindsay sing the old songs. T’other evening he favoured us with

‘Ye highlands and ye lowlands,  
Oh, where hae ye been?’

They hae slain the Earl of Murray,  
And hae lain him on the green.  
They hae slain the Earl of Murray,  
And hae lain him on the green.

‘ He was a braw gallant,  
And he rid at the ring,  
And the bonny Earl of Murray,  
Oh, he might have been a king.’

“ This simple kind of ditty—and there are ever so many stanzas—charms Walter, whose ideal of society is a government of bonny Earls of Murray. He was in high spirits the evening I mean, and said that he could see nothing in most liberalism but the *refrain* of an old border song.

‘ Up with the souters of Selkirk,  
And doun with the Earls of Hume !’

“ Poot, on this occasion, could not conceal his disgust. An argument arose. Poot was more angry than I could have supposed mere politics would make a man, in circumstances where the question was only a speculative

one. He was positively pale. He said, among other things, that the 'bonny Earls were *effete*.' Lindsay kept his temper, and was very polite, but bitterer than I ever heard him. Of course, we all (though without rudeness) shewed that we thought Lindsay had the best of it; which did not improve Poot's looks. I suppose, I inherit it from my father; but, somehow, I find my heart coaxing me over to Lindsay's side, when my head shows me that something may be objected to his reasonings.

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"After all, there is *life* to be had on 'the coast,'—action, excitement—that thrill of satisfied vigour for which I feel that I live. And a cause good enough for England, is good enough for me.

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"My father, (so pacific in conduct,) glories in the fact, that we have always been 'a fighting family.' We have been drilling lately, and rubbing up arms in the 'Lotus;' and I feel quite eager to be off in command

of a boat, or peppering a stockade. What would the old mailed Conyerses say to their descendant, if they saw him, in a blue jacket, and duck trowsers, panting in the Tropics, in chase of a rascally Portuguese, kidnapping negroes ?

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“A dead calm to-day. The sea awfully still; and I think there is something ghastly about it, at these times. It has a white glare far and wide in the sun, and the horizon is wrapped in a thin burning haze.

The ‘Lotus’ lies on the water as quietly as the flower she takes her name from. The sails, looking shrunk and helpless, hang down the masts. Montfichet took it into his head to have a look at the ‘Lotus,’ from the outside, and took me with him in the boat. It has an odd effect—looking at your ship that way, at sea. It is somehow, (I fancy,) like the feeling you would have if you got outside your body and contemplated your out-



ward self. She was looking as pretty as a girl; but you cannot attend too carefully to the appearance of a ship, and Montfichet gave several orders towards that, when we came on board again.\*

“I have been chiefly thinking of home to-day. Mary must be grown a handsome girl, by this time. I fancy I can see them all, sometimes; my father rushing out of his study, when a box of books arrives from London; (I still remember his glee when the Aldine Horace, with an autograph note by a Doge of Venice in it, came.) First, he wanted me to be a scholar; then, to labour

\* We have spoken, before, of the comparison between a woman and a ship. A passage in Plautus comes in so “pat,” that we cannot resist quoting it:

Negotii sibi qui volet vim parare,  
Navem et mulierem hæc duo comparato.  
Nam nullæ magis res duæ plus negotii  
Habent, forte si occeperis exornare.  
Neque unquam satis hæ duæ res ornantur,  
Neque eis ulla ornandi satis satietas est.”

PAENULUS, Act 1, Sc. 2.

for the restoration of the family, and, in both I disappointed him. In both these feelings, I am very different from him. Lindsay says, that a man is made what he is, by his family; but that he does not necessarily represent the last one or two generations.

"Characteristics skip a century, perhaps, (he adds) but they re-appear, as likenesses do, and there is a constant tendency (after all varieties from marriages,) towards a primitive type; towards a complete specimen of the original race. We had a long talk about these matters, lately, one first-watch,—as to 'degeneracy,' and all the rest of it. Lindsay, observes, that the popular notion about aristocracy would be more favourable, if people did not (as they do in England), confound aristocracy with peerage. The aristocracy of Europe are the strictly feudal landholders—those who acquired the land in war.

"From this class, came Dante and Cervantes, Bacon and Montesquieu, Spencer and Milton, &c. My father, I remember, used to hold some such view; but, I confess that I

never listened with much attention. When papa got on 'the families,' we usually considered that he had set in for the evening ; mamma seized her knitting needles ; I slunk off to the garden, &c.; and his hobby cantered without interruption.

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"I wonder how Harry Mildew is getting on ; whether he is any nearer a ' career' yet ? How is it, that those who are so indifferent to, and contemptuous of most things of the day, are so ambitious ? They believe the world full of humbug ; and they seek to lord it in the world. They think men hypocrites, tuft-hunters, and cowards, and they wish to lead among hypocrites, tuft-hunters, and cowards. I suppose it adds piquancy to a man's contempt for people, to be able to command their applause.

"The heat gradually deepens. Light clothes are the order of the day. A man on board is plaiting me a straw hat. The sun is a different potentate hereabouts, altogether, from the sun of my boyhood. We have

a great funnel of a wind-sail hanging down the main hatchway—a real blessing. We are daily expecting to fall in with a homeward-bound man-of-war.”

## CHAPTER VII.

THE 'LOTUS' STRIKES HER FIRST BLOW IN BEHALF OF  
OUR BLACK BRETHREN.

THE 'Lotus' fell in with H.M. brig 'Sandpiper,' en route homewards, having served her time. The 'Sandpiper,' was very dirty and seedy, forming a remarkable contrast with our vessel, as they lay to, opposite each other, in a light breeze at nine A.M. A boat soon shot out from the 'Sandpiper,' and on board jumped the lieutenant-commanding (Midgett) and at his heels a dashing young sun-burnt mid (Elmsley) in duck shoes, a jacket that had seen service, and white

trowsers, which had been washed on board, as you could see with half an eye. Lieutenant Midget was received by Montfichet; Elmsley by Eustace, who at once proffered hospitality. No coolness and stiffness here, dear reader, no looking at a man as if you were going to try him for poaching; but a hearty welcome, a brotherly grip of the fist, and a bottle of Guinness, or Bass, instantly. Three minutes found Elmsley seated in the berth, as if he belonged to the 'Lotus,' and the imprisoned Guinness frothed madly before him, in the brightest tumbler. Intense satisfaction shone in that boy's sun-burnt face, as he laid the empty tumbler down, with a gasp of pleasure. These are sensations!

"Capital! I have not had a drop of beer for six months."

"No!" exclaimed Royster. "No, don't say that!" For an instant, the mess thought Royster was going to cry.

"It's too true, I can tell you. So you're come, are you? Why, you look as if you had just come out of a glass case; 'gad, you'll

lose your gloss before long, I can tell you. Isn't your commander a swell; Montfichet, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Lindsay, laughing.

"How the deuce came they to send him here? A poor man, and a Tory family, I suppose. Thank you (here more Guinness was poured into the tumbler.) They don't send swells generally, except a stray fellow, who's in debt, as a governor. We had a governor at —— t'other day; hot weather turned his head; he came to a council in his shirt, and asked the secretary whether he thought he hadn't a leg for a boot!"

"And how's the trade going on?" inquired Eustace.

"Well, I believe it's been rather brisker, lately, somehow. We're just come from the south division. I believe there's a demand for Congos, just now, in Bahia, and the 'Beadle's' been off the Congo. 'Gad, Sir, a slaver came slap down the river, chock full, and shot past her, under Podger's nose—and a short snub nose it is. Podger slipped and

cleared; but bless you, she was gone in ten minutes."

"But perhaps one of the squadron snapped her up at sea?"

"Yes, and perhaps she didn't," said the 'Sandpiper's' midshipman. "The squadron were cruising in-shore, at that time. Flibber's plan."

"Flibber's plan?" inquired Eustace, who was eager for information.

"Yes, Flibber was the great man for in-shore cruising; Bibber for cruising fifty or sixty miles off the coast. Flibber established his system, and just as it had got to work, why, you see, Bibber came with his, and—"

"Va-ri-e-ty!" cried Mr. Royster, with a voice like a young steam-whistle.

"Hold your d——d noisy tongue," said Percy Bibble, angrily.

Royster suddenly assumed a countenance of funereal gloom.

The 'Sand-piper's' gentleman resumed, "Bibber changed everything; and, somehow, we have changed about a good deal in my



time, one way and another. Our first commodore died ; he was sent home in rum."

"In liquor to the last," Royster observed, in a subdued tone.

"Boy!" cried Percy Bibble, in a firm voice, "go to Mr. Crabb, with my compliments, and ask him for a bit of inch-and-a-half, and take it to my hammock-man, and tell him to work a Turk's-head on it. I beg your pardon, my dear Sir, you were saying?" [boy depart].

Royster feigned unconsciousness of the meaning of Percy's speech. The 'Sandpiper's' gentleman again resumed. "In rum, paid for by government ; he was always an expensive officer, Flayem ! The present commodore has issued a set of 'instructions,' and he's gone to Ascension, for the benefit of his health. Freshens you up, a turn at Ascension, you know ! As he says, his life is valuable, for, you see, everything depends on a head."

Mr. Elmsley said this drily, and there was

a loud laugh at the prudence and forethought of Commodore —.

“Have you lost many fellows?” Eustace asked. The company waited the answer to this question a little more silently. Mr. Elmsley took a draught of the Guinness before he replied; not carelessly, indeed, but with that comparative indifference with which, in these days, men of the world (from sixteen, upwards), talk of anything that verges on the domain of sentiment.

“Why, I don’t know whether I ought to say many. A newspaper that reached us the other day, said that the accounts of the mortality were ‘much exaggerated,’ which ought to console one, if one finds oneself going off, I suppose. In boat service, not far from Cape Palmas, one time, we were punished a good deal. Lost poor Rix there; Saunders died in the Bight of Benin; Poulett, at Sierra Leone, where he had taken in the ‘Donna Maria’ for condemnation.”

The ‘Lotuses’ looked at each other.

"Have you had pretty good health, yourself," asked Lindsay.

"I had a seasoning-fever soon after we came out. Afterwards, when we were looking out for the 'Gabrielle,' and had a long run of nothing but salt pork, being short of water, too, my face broke out. I have been always tol-loll, though. A metallic taste in the tongue, oppressed feeling in the side, touch of the liver, you know, once, but I'm all right !"

Again, the 'Lotuses' looked at each other.

"'Sandpiper's' boat," called out a voice, at the main hatchway.

Some of the boat's crew had asked, and obtained leave to come on board ; and these were now summoned.

The guest rose to his feet, "My old man's moving, I'll go on deck, I think. Wish you all good luck."

"Wish you the same—a happy return home."

The stranger turned, and made for the

hatchway ladder. As he ascended, Poot emerged from his "office" (which, we have said, was behind that ladder, the mainmast which passed through it, forming one corner of it), and followed him rapidly. This action of his was observed by Eustace, who was following in the midshipman's steps, intending to escort him to the boat. When Eustace reached the deck, he saw Poot touch the stranger's sleeve, saw Elmsley turn round, apparently surprised, and saw Poot draw him on one side, and address a few hurried words to him. Eustace was somewhat astonished, for Mr. Poot usually showed little interest in professional matters, and that he had no personal acquaintance with the 'Sandpiper's' midshipman, was obvious, from the manner of both. Besides, if Mr. Poot wanted squadron news, why had he not come into the berth and heard it, like anybody else?"

Seeing Poot, however, thus engaging Elmsley, Eustace did not choose to interrupt him, so kept his distance, and walked aft. In a

moment, he saw the 'Sandpiper's' lieutenant coming up the "companion" with Montfichet, who accompanied him to the gangway, made him a grave bow—and away went the boat. Poot turned briskly round, and was making for the ladder, without raising his eyes, when Montfichet called out "Mr. Poot!" Eustace, still loitering on the larboard side of the deck, saw Poot go up to the commander, and touch his cap. An observer, who had the least acquaintance with Poot's character, might have seen that the manner of the commander was just the thing to inspire him with hatred. It was perfectly civil, but he spoke as if from an isolation into which Poot could no more penetrate than he could get into the moon. Not that Montfichet intended his manner to produce any such effect; no such thing. Many men would have felt nothing of what the clerk felt; but Poot was a man of penetration, and a most jealous quickness of feeling; embittered through and through by obscurity and early poverty, and by a morbid enviousness.

There were depths of hatred in Poot, such as a novelist could not venture to fathom without incurring the hack charge of "improbability." And while Montfichet considered the man a harmless drudge, and perhaps scarcely thought of him when he was out of his sight, Poot was fretting under a sense of neglect, and a writhing consciousness that he, the superior man, was domineered over by an inferior. Such was the relation of these two, as they stood opposite each other, and Poot waited orders. Meanwhile, the officer of the watch had "made sail" again, and the brig again moved through the water.

"Mr. Poot," said Montfichet, drawing a paper from his pocket, "be good enough to copy that, and please to be quick, Mr. Poot."

Poot departed; Montfichet saw Eustace near him. It was his custom to speak to the midshipmen occasionally, without any reference to "service" matters. The reader is mistaken if he supposes that superior

officers necessarily do anything of the sort ; you may live in a ship with a man for years, and know as little of the inside of him, as of the mainmast.

"Well, Mr. Conyers, what news in the berth?" To this formality, Eustace could but reply by a generality, to the effect that they were all as comfortable as usual.

"You have been entertaining the 'Sandpiper's' youngster, I suppose? He told you the squadron news. I did not find Lieutenant Midgett very communicative. When one comes to be a commander, one loses the privilege of gossip—a great deal. Mr. Midgett makes such a mighty matter of everything. The great responsibilities of the 'Sandpiper'—the vast interests of Africa. He talks as if he were in Brobdignag."

"Perhaps, Sir, it's in proportion to his own size, that he measures things," said Eustace.

Montfichet had no objection to hear a youngster indulge in a little pleasantry against squadron potentates—squadron potentates not being Montfichets, he flattered

himself. Montfichet did not suggest such pleasantries, but he did not rebuke it. The young 'Lotuses' by this time knew their man, better than he supposed.

Montfichet smiled. "Mr. Midgett would not talk freely either. He spoke as if he was on oath. 'Much sickness just now?' I asked him, He 'could not speak without seeing the returns, &c.' I should think the midshipman a better authority, for there is some freshness among you boys."

"A man of the world, Sir, never makes a fuss about anything," said Eustace. "Mr. Midgett, I fancy, is in the African interest. They tell me that every captain has his own way of looking at the squadron, according as his family are philanthropists, or only men of business. Captain Mawworm pretends to like the duty; Jack Spratt, who is only a sailor, d—ns the whole affair."

"Upon my word, Mr. Conyers, you youngsters keep your eyes open, and criticise your superiors," said Montfichet, laughing.



(It never occurred to the speaker, though, that he himself could be included.)

"The service is changed, Sir. You know, that's the way we account for everything now-a-days."

"Aye," said Montfichet. He paused for a moment. "It's very hot. I don't think we have been so far south since the Crusades," said Commander Montfichet, jocularly.

"Well, Sir, here comes the 'Saracen's head,'" said Eustace.

Mr. Poot was, in fact, approaching. Eustace's joke made the commander laugh loudly; and when Poot came up, he found them laughing together as familiarly as mess-mates. Sights like this harrowed up the soul of Poot with jealousy. He approached this time, with the most professional air, implying for the benefit of Eustace, "I do my duty, and no more. I am not a favourite—not I."

"Brought the copies you ordered, Sir."

"Thank you, Mr. Poot," said Montfichet,

receiving them, Mr. Poot bowed, and went away.

Eustace, seeing the commander about to look at the document, touched his cap, and was going to move off, likewise.

“Stay, Conyers,” said the commander, civilly; and he moved to the capstan, (a handsomely veneered one), and laid the paper on it. “We are to remain on the Northern Division of the Station,” said Montfichet. Here he took up the paper. “‘Divisional officer—Maypole; ‘Cowslip,’ ‘Poppet,’ ‘Redbreast,’ ‘Bee,’ ‘Runner.’—Vessels for trial,—Sierra Leone. ‘Lotus’ to cruise between Moango and Bonem Bay, keeping within sight of the land. Goods landed lately. Letter from —— says that a suspicious-looking vessel was seen, and chased by the ‘Poppet,’ and a fog came on, in which she got away.’”

In this fragmentary way, Eustace learnt something of the “Instructions.” But there were “private and confidential” ones into the

bargain, intended for Montfichet alone ; and with regard to which the historian has heard that they were so very ingenious and mysterious, that no practical application could be made of them at all.

“Mr. Conyers, tell Mr. Brindley I should like to speak with him,” said Montfichet. Eustace knew that his interview was now over, and departed on his message. Jolly Brindley, (who was writing a letter to his wife, a document which advanced by gradual paragraphs, and occupied three months, or so,) shut up his desk, and went on deck. Eustace returned to the berth, and while the two potentates above were discussing the coming campaign, he communicated to the mess his interview with the commander. As it was near dinner-time, Poot was in the berth ; and the praises which were bestowed upon Montfichet’s cordiality, &c., were as welcome as may be supposed to him. He joined in them, though, with a peculiarly sarcastic intention, which escaped the good-

natured Percy Bibble, but which was very obvious to Lindsay, who was now beginning to comprehend the man perfectly.

"Why," said Bibble, "I've been with commanders who treated you as if you were a dog."

"Shameful. But our commander wouldn't treat a dog ill," said Poot.

"I don't think he would," said Bibble, seriously.

"Likes 'em, Sir," said Poot. "But I interrupt you; you were praising the commander," he continued. "I wonder if the first lieutenant's in his cabin; he can hear us, if we speak loud, through the bulk-head, you know."

Eustace felt a twitching in his forefinger and thumb, and, somehow, thought Poot's spacious ears unusually large. But Bibble was an innocent fellow, and continued unconsciously :

"He chats with a midshipman, as easily as if he was one himself."

"Full of condescension," said Poot.

“’Gad, Sir, he’s a man of information, too,” Bibble continued.

“A credit to his order,” Poot replied.

Here the dinner was placed on the table; and the dialogue ended. Mr. Poot seemed in unusually good spirits; and consumed his pea-soup with even a louder lapping noise than that with which he ordinarily accompanied it. There is something in an envious and malignant mind, which sharpens up the body for the enjoyment of its victuals. Most rascals take kindly to their food, even when totally dead to the beauties and sacredness of the *mensa*, under its hospitable and convivial aspect. Indeed, it is our fixed opinion that no animal is so unromantic as a villain—popular romances, in shoals, notwithstanding. When captured by Mr. Forrester, he is usually found to be employed on a leg of mutton; he is generally remarkably plain, (as the “Hue and Cry” testifies); he sleeps soundly; and takes the best possible care of his carcase. We shall, therefore, not apologise for exhibiting our villain at his meals.

And the reader must forgive us, for not—(in spite of the excellent opportunities we have)—bringing him on deck at night, throwing “the rich moonlight of the tropics on his dark and livid features,” “lighting up his unearthly glare,” &c. Villains do not love the beautiful. The gentle, the generous, the good, love Nature, her mystery and her glory, and drink of her deep joy, and her deep melancholy; it would be a profanation of the romantic element to suppose that the scoundrel shares it. No, no; moonlight on the outside of Newgate, as much as you please. . . . But this is a digression, for which we must apologise. Our business is with the cruise of the lovely ‘Lotus,’ towards the place, which Commodore —— had appointed her for the scene of her first duties on the Coast.

The hands were turned up that evening, before supper this time, and a reef taken in. After this had been done, the commander ordered Mr. Brindley to have the men called aft. Soon was heard Mr. Crabb’s “call,” and

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the seamen came crowding abaft, as far as the main-bitts. "What the deuce is up?" whispered Royster to Eustace, as, like the rest of the officers, they went to the quarter-deck on the summons. The officers formed a knot among themselves, on the larboard side. Mr. Brindley stood by himself, however, twirling his gold chain round a fat white finger. Montfichet walked backwards and forwards looking as if he were the only person on deck.

The men were now gathered in masses, a throng of blue figures very quiet; and the boatswain reported "all present." Mr. Brindley walked up to the commander, and made a report, with a salute to which Montfichet responded. Then Montfichet made one more quiet turn, amidst a dead silence; and, as he reached the forward boundary of his walk, in returning, he said:

"Ah, my men, I've called you aft to say a few words. We are just entering upon a service new to the 'Lotus,' and which the 'Lotus,' is well fitted for—as, indeed, she

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is for any service, I hope, that could be imposed upon her. I have sent for you, not because I think you need to be told to do your duty, heartily; but because I think you won't do it worse for knowing that as I expect everything from your zeal, I shall do what I can for your comfort. To do less, would be unworthy of my position. It is my hope that the 'Lotus' will prove as good as she looks. Let us try to make it so. Pipe down!"

Three cheers followed this brief harangue; the men hurried merrily off; the officers, many of them, loitered about a minute or two; our friends of the watch looking at each other, as much as to say, "What do you think of that?"

"Well, Lindsay?" said Eustace.

"Very proper," said Lindsay. "Good old custom, my dear boy. It helps to keep the personal relations tight and right. In the feudal times, that was the essence of the thing: every body knew his lord, had seen him ride, had heard him talk. Sir David has—"



Meanwhile, we turn abruptly to the greater guns of the vessel. Brindley had come up to the commander in his pleasant, jovial, but polite way.

"I was afraid you were going to depute me to do it, Sir. I'm a horrid bungler at oratory, and instead of what we have heard, I fear, Sir, I should have lost my authority by the very thing which ought to have made me popular."

Montfichet answered politely, then went below to his cabin, and was seen but little more of that evening. In fact, he was gloomy, fretting in the narrow 'Lotus,' and feeling like a King of Brentford who had just made a royal speech. Could he not have "shirked the coast," had he been so disposed? as certain gentlemen shirk what they ought to do in these rapidly developing times? Yes, but Montfichet, with many weaknesses, had certain high principles. He well knew that to shirk disagreeable duty is of all possible meannesses, one of the meanest; and, as will appear, by and bye, perhaps, the

foolishest that can be committed by the bearer of a historic name.

The officers soon separated, after the commander's departure ; but before they had done so, Brindley came up to Eustace, and slapped him on the shoulder, in his hearty way. " Eustace, my boy (Brindley had been on the Coast before), " we must keep our eyes open in the morning-watch, now."

" Yes, Sir ; but so we always do, I hope."

" We do," said Brindley,—meaning that Eustace did, which was true. " But the morning's the time to sight a slaver, if possible ; for if you don't see 'em till the afternoon, they have a chance of getting away in the dark."

" Very true, Sir."

" And you must learn to know a suspicious-looking craft ; and not raise a false alarm about a d——d palm-oiler !"

" Yes, Sir," said Eustace, smiling. And Brindley made for the gun-room, and his glass of grog, preparatory to his final

cigar on deck, and his comfortable "turn-in."

So, now, Eustace kept his morning-watch with a new interest. He was aloft frequently, with his "Dollond," and swept the horizon clean. Sometimes a sail was made out, and the 'Lotus' made for her, like a hound, till she proved to be harmless and respectable. The early hours, before the sun grew too strong, were Eustace's great period of activity. While all the other officers were below, our friend was paddling about the deck, seeing it washed, and going through other routine—not dull, after all, to one so full of life and youth. Charmed by the early sea-air, taking an interest in the look of every sail and rope, with work enough to make him active, and responsibility enough to keep him pleasantly excited, the time went by cheerfully for Eustace. The men liked his kindly voice—in which there was not a single jarring or creaking tone; the venerable quarter-master was always ready to bring him his coffee, or to

interchange a few words, as he stood beside him, and looked at the compass. Mr. Crabb favoured him with his political views in the most cordial manner. About half-past six, Mr. Brindley made his appearance, as fresh as a daisy, and said, "We've got on capitally, Conyers." Between seven and eight, Montfichet (who had had a report made him at daylight) emerged from the "companion;" and, often, that potentate invited him to breakfast, and entertained him elegantly.

Eustace had gone below, one morning, to breakfast, in the berth. There was nothing whatever in sight. He had finished the meal, and dressed himself; "quarters" were over; and he had returned to the berth again, and was lounging over a book. Presently, he heard footsteps running over-head, and a "pipe" going, and "watch, trim sails!"

"Anything up, I wonder?"

"Only trimming sails," said Bibble, "I suppose."

"The breeze is freshening," said Royster, as the brig heeled over a little.

"Royster, go on deck, like a good fellow, and see," said Percy Bibble. Royster departed.

Eustace scarcely expected anything of interest, so lounged on the lockers, and continued reading his book. Royster reappeared in a few minutes.

"There's a sail in sight!" said Royster, rubbing his hands.

"Some dawdling old trader," Bibble said.

"Devil a bit; but as much as can be seen of her looks rakish. What's that?"

Royster ran to the hatchway, and ascended a step or two; then came running back. "Watch, make sail!" he said. "I heard Lindsay ordering something to be set. By Jove, I shall go on deck!"

Off went Royster.

"I shan't start," said Bibble, who was lying on the lockers. "False alarm, I'm sure."

As Eustace was still incredulous as to the

"rakishness" of the stranger, he remained where he was also. But he had not read five pages, when he was summoned by "hands, make sail!" and away went he and Bibble, with a swarm of the watch below, up the ladder.

"Where is she? Where is she?" men asked, as they passed each other to their stations. And high rang the clear voice of Brindley, who was now giving the orders. "Top-men up to shake a reef out!" Brindley was brisk and active, and incessantly twirled his thin gold chain round his fat finger—a motion popularly believed in the 'Lotus' to be now physically necessary to Brindley, when he was "carrying on;"—nay, 'twas further said, that, by a talismanic virtue of its own, that chain enabled Brindley to act with sobriety, when he had more wine on board than is easily carried by a private individual without supernatural powers.

The 'Lotus' now spread everything that she could carry, and altered her course to make the stranger. The watch was called

and those not necessarily on deck were free to go below again ; but Eustace preferred to remain up, and "see the fun." Half-a-dozen telescopes were turned on the strange sail, which the 'Lotus' was now evidently gaining on.

"What a breadth of canvass the villain has !" said Brindley. "Bend the ensign on ; and stand by to hoist it."

In a minute or two, up shot the gay ensign, and fluttered away at the peak.

"She has tacked, Sir," said Lindsay, after a pause.

"Ah ! she smells us, does she," said Brindley, rubbing his hands.

"I hope not, Mr. Brindley," Montfichet said, drily. Brindley gave a jolly laugh at the commander's humour.

"She's going to make for the land," said Brindley. "She finds that we can sail, does she !"

"Put the brig about, Mr. Lindsay," said the commander.

The 'Lotus' tacked, and stood on for the

land, too. And, now, there was nothing to do, but wait and see how near the 'Lotus' could draw to the brigantine, before she got in shore. The wind was light and variable, and the brigantine, being to windward, had always the first of it, when it freshened. Occasionally, the 'Lotus' had the annoyance of seeing the slaver gliding through smartly rippling water, when she herself was languidly oozing along, and pining for a breeze. The 'Lotus,' however, gained fast, in an hour-and-a-half.

"If we could carry away one of his spars?" said Montfichet, inquiringly.

"Why, Sir, if we hull him, we kill the poor black devils," said Brindley.

Montfichet was silent. Turning at the moment he almost stumbled over Poot, who was grinning from ear to ear. He started, which made him irritable, for Montfichet did not like that any one should see him discomposed.

"Do you want anything, Sir?" he asked sharply.



"Nothing, Sir, thank you," said Poot, whose lip quivered a little. Poot moved away.

"Where did the fellow come from, I wonder. I started as if I had seen the devil," muttered Montfichet.

The crew now went to dinner ; and the midshipmen's mess likewise. The talk, of course, was of the slaver.

"What's the position of the chase?" inquired Royster, pompously.

"Why, you talk as if we were in pursuit of an enemy's fleet," said Bibble, laughing. "We're gaining on him though, and we shall drive him ashore before sunset."

"And what will become of the niggers?"

"They'll take them up the country a bit, and wait another chance," said Bibble.

Here, there was a loud pipe, and "watch trim sails." The poor fellows of the watch had to leave their basins, kids, monkeys, and other strange articles of their dinner service, and go to work with their mouths half full. The wind had changed again, and

this time, the change favoured the 'Lotus,' and she began to gain rapidly on the slaver, as Eustace found, when he came on deck, again.

"Load a couple of guns," said Montfichet, in his quiet voice.

This was soon done. And at this moment the slaver was seen signalling at the fore.

"That's for the canoes, Sir," Brindley said.

And sure enough, the officers of the 'Lotus' saw canoe after canoe emerge from the shore, and shoot with the utmost rapidity alongside the brigantine, from whose sides the black cargoes were poured out with remarkable smartness. This process lasted for upwards of an hour, as the 'Lotus' was coming up to the anchorage. The 'Lotus' now fired a shot over her; and came to an anchor outside her. The sun glared upon the sea, the surf beat upon the beach, and through its white foam the black-looking canoes seemed to twinkle, as they flew. "Boom," went a second gun from the

'Lotus,' and the shot rushed with a passionate whistle just over the slaver's bulwarks, and ricocheted away along the sea. "Out boats," was an immediate order; and before furling her sails, which hung all clewed up, in white festoons, the 'Lotus' dropped her boats alongside, and men crowded to them.

"They're abandoning her, Sir," reported Brindley, shutting up his glass. Indeed, the slaver was now veering away, stern on, to the surf; some left in boats, some swam, more than one wretched black head was seen wildly over the bulwarks of her black and coffin-like hull, in ignorant and helpless despair, and from the centre, there rose, suddenly, a very significant object, a long stream of smoke. "They've set her on fire, Sir," reported Brindley, once more, twisting his gold chain round his finger as tight as a tourniquet.

"Ah!" said Montfichet, just a shade too quietly. "Detach the boats to search her, and see if there are any negroes left; and

when the boats are gone, furl sails, Mr. Brindley." Montfichet went below.

"Pinnace and cutter!" roared Mr. Brindley. "Mr. Lindsay in the pinnace—Mr. Conyers in the cutter."

"Yes, Sir," shouts a voice we know; and Eustace jumps into his boat on the larboard side.—"Shove off. Give way, starboard oars. Back, port!" As the cutter wheels round, and makes for the beach, Eustace sees the pinnace wheel, also, from the other side; and the two friends row alongside each other—so close, that the oars of their respective crews just give each crew room. The 'Lotus's' boats were in perfect order; the oars fell with the regularity of music; and not a word was heard from the crew of either boat.

"Well, Lindsay!" says Eustace, nodding to his friend.

"Hot— isn't it?" says Walter, lifting off his glittering gold-laced cap, and passing his fingers through his light hair. "Eustace, we'll go alongside on opposite sides; you on

the larboard. Take half your crew, and then let the boat shove off—do you hear? She's a fine craft—too good for the scoundrels! Pity she must perish, too!"

The brigantine was, indeed, a fine vessel—built at Baltimore, as Eustace's coxswain pronounced her immediately. She was on fire in three places; but they made a hurried visit to her, even while she was burning at both ends. Everything denoted her business, and the haste in which she had been quitted. Slave-shackles, iron bars, were lying across each other, among broken water-casks, the water of which, so precious in that climate, was running away to the scuppers; bags of rice torn open, lay here and there among tubs, sails, and heaps of fruit, and broken bottles, a stray end of which here and there contained spirit, or wine. Amidst this confusion, over which smoke was fast thickening, in spite of the breeze, Lindsay and Eustace hastily reconnoitred: and made a dive to the cabin, to see for the papers—but no papers or flags were to be found. Already, the bow

was wrapped in clouds, streaked by a train of sparks, now and then, as some dry piece of wood crackled away in fire. Suddenly, a wretched yell was heard from this part of the vessel. The smoke cleared away, a moment, and they saw two black figures, naked, all but a wretched cloth round the loins, and each with fetters on him, gesticulating wildly. A burning spar lay right between them and the 'Lotus's' party; and after a dozen efforts headed by Eustace, all aid was found impossible. The brigantine had now parted from her anchor, and was now drifting broadside on, with the surf thundering against her, outside, as the fire raged within. The 'Lotus's' party remained as long as they could, and saved one negro boy of twelve years: after which, they had to swim to their boats through the surf. A few minutes after they left the brigantine, her mainmast fell—vanishing like a water-spout—and the once beautiful hull of the slaver lay a wreck in the surf.

This little stroke of business was com-

municated in a dispatch, by Montfichet; in which the names of Lindsay and Conyers were honourably mentioned. The dispatch was sent in the handwriting of Poot, who had thus to glorify his messmates, *nolens volens*. The brigantine, (as they discovered,) had been called the 'Esperanza;' she was Baltimore-built, and fit for carrying six hundred slaves. The 'Lotus' remained, a few days, in this anchorage, and they heard, day and night, the monotonous surf beating away at the wreck of the slaver, and gradually breaking its burnt shell to pieces. Knowing for certain, that *that* slaver was extinguished for ever, and carrying a bit of her, (to be used in evidence at Sierra Leone, by and bye,) also carrying the rescued negro, (already christened Sambo,)—the 'Lotus' shook her white wings cheerfully, and again made off to sea.

## CHAPTER VIII.

CONTAINS A GOOD DEAL OF VARIETY.

THE 'Lotus,' we see, had been fortunate in her first rencontre with a specimen of the "slaver" genus. But luck ebbs and flows like everything else in nature. After a few hours of brilliant excitement, come weary days of heat, languor, &c. The 'Esperanza' was, indeed, extinguished. But to make up for it, the 'Lotus' had her failures. A schooner escaped her, a week afterwards, in very light winds, when a slaver's chance, by the way, is best, owing to the light build of those



vessels. The 'Lotus' was very fast, and could sail in light winds respectably enough. But the schooner, 'Rosa,' bless you, moved to a mere sigh, like a paper boat. Our brig saw the villains wetting their sails, and somehow, the wicked damsel left them panting in her wake. Once, during the chase, the 'Lotus' tried to follow her with her boats, but it was not calm enough for that game, and the breeze freshening, the schooner, in short, got away.

"So we have missed the 'Rosa,'" said Montfichet, quietly. He had heard that there was a schooner of the name somewhere, thereabouts, a few days back.

"Yes, Sir," said Lindsay, to whom the remark was addressed, "we may now, Captain Montfichet, make ourselves easy about her.

" 'Mitte sectari Rosa quo locorum  
Sera moretur,'

as Horace says."

Montfichet smiled. The commander, as

well as Lindsay had, what somebody calls "the Horatian scholarship of a gentleman;" and his cabin was not without copies of that writer—dainty Elzevirs, in red morocco.

"The quotation is apt; it matters not where she tarries, now, I fear," said the commander.

"Isn't it like fortune-hunting, Sir?" said Brindley, taking an immense white handkerchief from his pocket.

Brindley bloomed under the influence of the tropics, expanding like a cabbage-rose; and having, what the surgeon O'Flaherty called a "blessed gift of perspiration"—his health was capital.

"I have chased more than one 'Rosa,' Sir, in my time," he went on, "but somehow, they were generally hull down, and out of sight, before I could get near enough. Perhaps, I am too heavily built." Here he contemplated his manly, but somewhat corpulent figure, and grinned complacently.

Brindley, by the bye, had never been a fortune-hunter, but had shared his respect-

able patrimony with a pretty girl who was anything but wealthy. However, it was part of the humour of this singularly cheerful lieutenant, to tell stories at his own expense; harmless fibs, which he washed down in claret, and which did the healthy fellow no harm.

"*A propos*," said Montfichet, "the 'Lotus' is too heavily rigged for this climate."

A second converted Brindley into the smart, but still cheerful, first-lieutenant. "Very true, Sir, these slavers are rigged for the business, and we are sent, just as we would be fitted for the Baltic. It was complained of when I was on the station before."

"Very likely," said the commander. "Then we have spare things taking up room which might as well be on shore. I'll write about it. You were here some years ago, Brindley?"

"A long while ago, now, Sir. We could not touch slavers to the south of the line, at all, when I first came out: they sailed under the flag of Portugal. I've seen slavers come

into Rio, with the negroes swarming on the upper decks—visible in batches—in black clusters like grapes. Then, you know, Sir, we could not touch a slaver, though she was all ready equipped—could not touch her, unless she had slaves on board.”

Montfichet passed the wine. This conversation was being held at one of his dinners, soon after the escape of the ‘Rosa,’ the guests being Brindley and Lindsay. It was a way of Brindley’s, to start a new topic, or begin a longish story just as he saw the decanters getting low, when common decency made the host produce a fresh bottle. His experienced eye seized the crisis at this moment. The claret jug, (and the bottles destined to supply it, had been cooling all day in a tub—perpetually moistened,) after this present circuit, had but a faint, though beautiful, gleam at the bottom.

“Such was the state of things in those days, Captain Montfichet! I wonder,” (here Mr. Brindley seemed revolving some reminiscence of excessive interest; his eye twinkled

—his lips moved.) “I wonder what became of Jack Gellatley!”—(Brindley’s jolly face positively beamed with an expression of interest). “I was absent for a moment, Captain Montfichet, I declare—I beg pardon. But the thought of that very strange character —”

“Pray, let us hear of him,” said the commander, becoming quite curious.

“Well, Sir, it was in —”

“Pardon me a moment,” said the commander. Tinkle, tinkle, goes the cabin bell. “Another bottle of claret,” says Montfichet, to the silent but deep enjoyment of Lindsay, who had watched Mr. Brindley for the last few minutes with the highest interest.

“I forget the year, but it was when I was in the ‘Flirt,’ I know. I was a mate, then. Poor Flipper had her, who afterwards went to the North Pole, and was eaten by a white bear in the discharge of his professional duties.” (Brindley tried to look tender, but somehow, his form of expression was—as no doubt he intended it to be—not calculated

to throw a gloom on the table. "Jack Gellatley was on board of us for some time, taking a passage to his own ship, the 'Scorpion.' He was a terrible fellow; nothing was safe from him—no man's life, and no woman's honour. He nearly destroyed the domestic peace of a plenipotentiary from —, and when there was a talk beginning, 'gad, he called out one of the Legation, and shot him through the wrist. At last, Ramsay Ramsay, (who was a tough fellow himself) put him under arrest, and he was to be tried as soon as a court-martial could be got together in Sierra-Leone, on charges of insubordination, drunkenness, and challenging his captain. There was only one more officer wanted to make up a court, and the 'Dolphin' was expected every day. The night before she came in, what does Jack Gellatley do? He dodges the sentry, Sir, slips quietly overboard, and swims ashore! A party of marines, and an officer, were sent after him, and they found him, and dragged

him out from under the bed. He was tried; he made a defence, in the course of which he turned upon old Ramsay, Ramsay, the prosecutor, and called him a 'hoary villain;' and, of course, he was broke. They would have sent him home in a man-of-war, but there was none going just then; and he declared they had no right to keep him in such a climate, when he wasn't being paid for it, and offered to find his own way home in a merchant-ship. They were glad to get rid of him, and landed him on shore with his traps."

Mr. Brindley refreshed himself, and resumed—

"Well, Sir! I'm afraid I'm tedious!"—Montfichet bowed, deprecating that remark, "in time we forgot Gellatley, and had other people to talk about. More than a year passed away, and then a slaver, called the 'Gentil Africano,' began to be talked about on the stations. She did the most daring things imaginable, and enjoyed the devil's luck: she carried a long eighteen,

they said, and one time the old 'Drone' found her lying at anchor, all ready to ship her slaves, and anchored outside her; and she shipped them all, and got away at night in a fog. At last, it began to be rumoured that her skipper was an Englishman. He was called Don José to sure, and he wore a beard and moustache, and was as dark a looking fellow as you could wish to see; but a man can't disguise his eyes, and the blue eyes of the Don smacked more of the Severn, than the Brazils. It was found out, in fact, that Jack Gellatley was Don José. And the story went afterwards, that when that was found out, the 'Gentil Africano' was luckier than ever. Old chums of Jack's had acting commands by this time, and somehow, they did not see the 'Gentil Africano' as quickly as usual. Indeed, I have heard that once when the 'Hyacinth' was gaining on her, that jolly fellow, Pepper, made them lower the fore-topsail on the cap. 'Won't catch old Jack Gellatley!' Pepper said."



Montfichet and Lindsay laughed heartily at this shameful conduct of Pepper's. Mr. Brindley raised his claret with a satisfied expression: "Strange character, Jack! was he not, Sir?"

"No doubt of that. I wonder if he is extant; or if there is such a thing as an Englishman slaver, now-a-days?"

"They say not. They're mostly Brazilians and Spaniards. And I should think the kind of life Jack led must have killed him long ago," said Brindley.

The conversation flagged after Brindley's Coast tradition, and soon after, coffee appeared, and the guests rose, bowed, and departed.

The 'Lotus' was nearer the land than usual, this evening. Lindsay had charge of the first watch; and about ten, Eustace, before "turning in," came up to chat with him. This is, perhaps, the greatest mark of regard you can pay a man in a quiet way, at sea; helping him to while away the hours which even the most vivacious person, with the fullest mind, will find drag sometimes.

It was very dark ; the wind was off the land ; and the ' Lotus ' was standing out in a light breeze to the northward, with the coast on her starboard beam. Lindsay was on the gratings, looking over the side.

" Ah ! Eustace ! "

" I just came up, before turning in. "

" And you are welcome. Do you know, I was dull. But come, let us turn down. "

They jumped off the gratings, where they were standing, and walked forward.

" A man thinks of so many things, when he is alone by himself, on a night like this, " Lindsay said. " Things come popping up out of his memory, and look him in the face—things that he thought he had sunk ; they come to the surface, like a corpse in the sea, detaching itself from the shot. "

" So they do. Do you remember our old ' Hildebrand ' talks at night, like this ? I wonder what has become of all those fellows ! "

" I was thinking of earlier days, when you

were a very small younker, too, Eustace—my Mediterranean days.”

Eustace said nothing. To those days, he knew Lindsay attached melancholy reminiscences.

“Why will remembrances come up, when they are not called?” continued Lindsay.

“Here we are, with the Great Desert between us and that sea; and, by all the dead who lie in it, my dear Eustace—and glorious men they are—a little vision of a garden with orange-trees, and a face which I have not seen for ever so long, came up, just now, when I was aft there, and I half forgot where I was for a minute or two. However, it’s gone again. The fact is, my dear Eustace, that I am glad to have a friend to whom I can talk of such a thing; so, thank you for coming on deck. You have heard me speak of these old days before. I was a very foolish boy in those days; and worse—as people took care to tell HER; and she acted exceedingly wisely. And here I am, a better, if a sadder man, than I might have

been. And this memory, you see, acts as a wholesome discipline, and is as good as a hair-shirt in its way."

Eustace knew the story quite well ; but he did not hear it from Lindsay, till they had gradually formed one of those friendships which are the great events of lives.

It was a very simple story, but every now and then the memory of it came back in some such way as this.—By nature and constitution, Lindsay was a healthy and lively man ; and he rang so cheerfully (if a bold metaphor may be pardoned) just because he was of sound metal. Only a very deep impression could have affected such a nature, as this had affected his. And still, when the memory of it came in its most vivid form, it never made him morbid ; it expressed itself through him, in the manly, half-humorous way we have seen. Such a nature as his, however, suffers really more than one which shrieks, makes sonnets, blasphemes, and foams, to the

disturbance of the public business of mankind.

This memory came, as we have seen, in very sudden fits, which passed off, and then left Lindsay cheerful and well. *Similia similibus*, &c., is true in these matters. The old love pain was somewhat assuaged by friendship, and the presence of Eustace made Lindsay rally more rapidly, than he would have done by himself. They paced the silent deck, and talked indifferently of unexciting subjects.

"Yes," resumed Lindsay, taking up a thread of allusion which Eustace had dropped. "We did have pleasant evenings in the old 'Hildebrand;' you are a different fellow now too."

"I was a very raw boy certainly, when I first joined," Eustace said laughing. "An immense tract of time seems to lie between that period and now. How one grows at sea!"

Here, they had reached the ridge of grating aft, and Lindsay lightly sprang upon

it, and turned his night-glass upon the shore.

"Hollo!" said Lindsay. "Do you see that?"

And he gave Conyers the telescope.

"A fire!" said Eustace.

"A signal-fire," said Lindsay. "They'll light from coast to coast. There's a slaver in the offing. I must call Montfichet and tell him."

"Well! good night," said Eustace, laughing. "If there's work coming, I had better get my sleep, and be ready for it."

Thereupon Eustace made off to his hammock, swung himself into it, and in spite of the trampling which followed over-head, was sound asleep in a quarter of an hour. Downright sleepiness—a readiness to snooze (which surely is a luxury of its kind) is commoner at sea, than in great bustling nervous towns.

When he came on deck again, he found, to his surprise, that the jolly Brindley was about to keep the whole of the morning

watch. The moment day broke, Eustace was at the fore-topmast cross-trees, and the first thing he saw was a boat. The boat was on the starboard beam, and making for the land. Down the throbbing fore-topmast rigging he came, and, in a minute, had bounded out of the lower rigging on to the deck.

Instant report is made to Brindley. The brig is hauled up, in the direction of the boat, and all sail made. For, the slavers, as Mr. Brindley well knows, send in boats from the distant offing; and *this* one had lost the friendly darkness by delay.

"The gig must chase her—sail and oar—manned and armed—and *you* shall go in her, Eustace," said jolly Brindley, rubbing his hands. "Watch, out boat! Gig's crew, to muster!"

Down the ladder flies Eustace. In the steerage, his mess-mates are all quietly snoring; and Eustace hastily laughs, as he sees Royster's slumberous head. Bumping more than one hammock, he gets to his chest, and manages to drag out his pistol case; his

sword is in the berth, and he drags it out by the belt. He comes running up the ladder once more ; and while the boat is swinging over the side, with a whistle, a rush, and a splash, he loads his pistols and buckles on his sword. The falls are cast off ; the boat fills with men armed with cutlasses and pistols ; two muskets and a handful of cartridges are passed in through a port, and the boat is ready, while the light is yet but faint and gray.

“ Now, Conyers, give me a good account of that boat,” says the first-lieutenant. Eustace is over the gangway, and has the rudder-lines in his hands, almost before the sentence is finished. “ Give way !” he cries. The light broad oars dip and flash, and the gig is off.

The boat’s crew were perfectly fresh, and the crew of the boat they were chasing, had been pulling for hours. This was Eustace’s great luck. So, in a short time they gained on her, and, in an hour, Eustace took up a loaded musket, stood up in the stern-sheets, and fired—not *at* the boat exactly, but, as the coxswain expressed it—“ just to give her



a hint." The chased boat, at this, slackened a moment or two, and the gig's crew doubled their exertions.

The shore was a great distance off, still, and there, in the offing, was the 'Lotus.' What was the strange boat to do? Apparently, this puzzled them; but they fell to rowing, as hard as they could; whereupon, Eustace took musket number two, and sent a ball nearer. The strange boat tossed an oar, when he stood up, for the third time; and turned, and moved towards them.

The gig now approached. A more ruffianly lot of shaggy-looking fellows than the crew of the strange boat, Eustace had never seen.

"Lay on your oars," cried Eustace, standing up in the stern-sheets, as the gig ranged-up alongside. "Boat ahoy! What ship do you belong to?"

No answer. The shaggy ones assumed a look of innocence; as if they were being seized by pirates.

"I'll shoot you, if you don't tell me!" said

Eustace, acting on the orders of Brindley ; and he drew a pistol from the stern-sheets, and looked the man who had been steering in the face.

A volley of Portuguese oaths came from the person threatened. " Linda !" he cried, with a wave of the hand towards the offing.

The gig now ranged alongside him, close to. Eustace made a motion to him to come into her, and sit down, which he did ; and then they took his boat in tow.

" The sails will draw, now ; ship the mast," Eustace said. There was no delay ; and with a pleasant wind, and brisk oars, the gig made for the ' Lotus,'—and reached her in safety.

The wind freshened ; the ' Lotus' made all sail, outwards ; and sighted the slaver before nine. The slaver made all sail, likewise ; and the orthodox routine of a chase recommenced. A pleasant exhilaration diffused itself through the vessel. Most of the officers were on

deck a great deal, moving about, chatting, and sometimes going forward, to see how the 'Lotus' was coming up with her prey. Everything that could be set, aloft and aloft, —a crowd of white canvass,—loaded the graceful spars. Then, the wind freshened; the fine brown, lithe, studding-sail booms curved;—would they stand? Brindley declared they would—he'd bet the Admiralty their value, they would.

And so the hours pass. Presently, a gun is loaded, forward, and brought to bear. Brindley (who prides himself on his shooting) takes it on himself to fire it.

Handspike men attend his word. "Well," says Brindley. The long trigger line jerks. Brindley springs on one side, and the angry gun runs in—as a white cloud blows away, and a hundred eyes are eagerly bent on the chase. Jet after jet of glittering water rises from the sea, far away, as the bounding shot strikes it—but the slaver is scatheless. The report of the gun causes much excitement among the poor shaggy fellows—the captured

boat's crew, who huddle together in the waist, and now jabber and curse in their own tongue frighfully. Percy Bibble touches his cap, and tells Brindley something. The chase has hoisted her colours: the green and gold flag of Brasil.

"D—n the fellow!" exclaims Brindley; "I beg your pardon, Captain Montfichet," he adds: for Montfichet never swears.

"Well, I *am* blowed," mutters Mr. Crabb, "makes a wholesome oath, and begs pardon!" Crabb gathers up his mighty breeches with his hands in his pockets, and is bursting with noble disdain.

A crack. The top-mast-studding sail boom, the bright brown boom beautiful to see, snaps short and sharp; and the wild sail passionately flutters, and streams away, and tugs. "Shorten sail!" Brindley's broad fresh face is clouded, as the poor 'Lotus' is stripped of her feathers; but, in the fierce coal-black eyes of the shaggy boat's-crew, there is a light of joy.

"We are falling behind, already," observes

Percy Bibble, who has charge of the watch, presently.

“ Mr. Brindley, fire on the chase, if you please,” says Captain Montfichet, decidedly. The tone of his voice indicates, through its very quietness, that he is becoming angry ; and so great a man is the captain of a man-of-war, that an unwonted and deeper silence follows, the moment that fact is received.

Brindley feels that this shot is more important than the last ; and he lays the gun, carefully. Again the gun runs angrily in. An exclamation follows—the main-top-mast of the slaver brig is cut in two—and she looks on the water, as a boy’s kite does in the air, when a stone has torn it. Brindley’s broad, fresh face lights up again.

After this, the game of the slaver was up. She gave in. The ‘ Lotus ’ lay-to ; and Brindley proceeded with a boat, to board her, taking Eustace with him. Brindley was in excellent spirits, and he rubbed his hands, as they came alongside a fine, thumping

brig. Eustace followed at his heels, and they jumped on board.

The confusion caused by the fatal shot was all fresh upon them. Nobody seemed now to trouble himself about it; on the contrary, cigars were the order of the day.

Some of the crew were sprawling in the sun, and scarcely looked up,—brown, dark-eyed, shaggy-looking fellows, of aspect partly murderous, and partly sensual. Nobody spoke; nobody came forward as captain, or owner; but Brindley was by no means discomposed or puzzled. At once, he assumed the command, "Jones, go to the wheel; Snigger, bend on this ensign and hoist it." The stalwart, solid seamen came quietly on board, with their cutlasses by their sides, and set to work.

But now a little pudgy fellow advanced; Brindley turned to him. In scenes like this, the wag or humourist asserted itself in Brindley, and a fat jocularly distinguished him.

Brindley possessed some colloquial Spanish, which was of use on these occasions.

"Ha! Is this the cook?"

"I am not the cook, Sir," said the pudgy man, loftily.

"Not the cook!" Brindley said. "Why, he's the very image of a cook, isn't he Conyers?" Of course, Eustace roared.

"Sir, I show you these ship's papers. We are a merchant ship, in the service of the illustrious land of Brazil. We carry"—

"The devil you do. Give us the papers."

Brindley took the papers and read them, with comments. No. 1.—"Passport, Lisbon; bound to Oporto. I don't remember him in Lisbon; do you Conyers? Viséd at Cape Verdes. Fraudulent both: forgeries. No. 2.—Muster Roll: Havannah dated. Destination, Montevideo. Why, my dear Sir, this isn't the way to Montevideo! I'm afraid your compasses are very wrong! (Brindley chuckled at his sarcasm); but come let's look at you a bit."

They then proceeded about the deck,

Brindley holding forth in the same strain. They paused at the main hatchway.

“Very strange. Hatchway, fourteen feet by seven ! big enough. But what are these ? false combings and iron-bars. I say, cook, you lock up your poultry very tight. Plank enough, hereabouts, why (ironically) it looks like a slave-deck ! And, as for prog—bless the fellows, here’s water enough, rice enough, and beans enough, to keep the crew, I should think, for some years. Sir,” said Brindley, putting off the wag, and putting on the smart lieutenant, “I detain you, for being fully equipped for the slave-trade. Get up there, you lazy devils, and prepare to shift over to H.M.S. ‘Lotus.’”

As yet, nobody as we have seen, had professed himself, the commander of the slaver ; the pudgy one affirmed that he was a “passenger,” (there are often mysterious personages so calling themselves, in these vessels,) and was probably connected, commercially, with the trade. But Brindley’s eye picked out a man, as having pretensions to the



honour of chief, and to him he addressed some sentences in a rough condescending way; the man took everything very quietly, and as the boat drew near the 'Lotus,' scanned her handsome proportions very carefully, and seemed to make a mental note, as much as to say, "I shall know you, again, my beauty." Probably, this very fellow had carried away a cargo in the teeth of the 'Bee,' or the 'Runner,' not six months before, and had come over now, for a fresh lot, little wotting what a craft was in waiting for him. No doubt he was "insured;" no doubt, the news of his capture gratified a rival slaver, and added so much per head, to the value of the next cargo landed in the creeks of the Brazilian coast.

"It's a bore to have these rascals quartered upon us," said Montfichet, after a crew from the 'Lotus' had been sent into the slaver, and she had been regularly taken in possession.

"Oh! we had better have no ceremony with the blackguards, Sir. We'll land them,

if you please, anywhere and anyhow. Old Bulder, Sir, of the 'Popinjay,' used to shave and scrub 'em well, and then just put 'em on shore, and let them take their chance. Sometimes, the blacks caught 'em and sold 'em, and so turned the tables," Brindley said.

"If you please, Sir," said Percy Bibble, "where's the slaver's skipper to mess?"

"Where he can," replied Brindley, turning to Bibble, as Montfichet went below to dinner.

Here, Walter Lindsay came up to the first-lieutenant. "Mr. Brindley, we are not to have the slaver's skipper quartered upon us, I hope?" At the heels of Lindsay followed Eustace, in some trepidation, a rumour to the above effect—traceable to Poot—having just reached the midshipman's berth.

Brindley laughed. "You don't want him, I suppose?"

"Want him, Sir! I think it would be a disgrace to the profession."

At this point, up came Royster. "Please,

Sir, Mr. Poot"—(Lindsay and Eustace could scarcely help laughing even on the sacred quarter-deck, at Royster's eagerness to have a fling at Poot.)

"Well?"

"Mr. Poot, Sir, said that the slaver's skipper—"

"Send Mr. Poot here," Brindley said.

Mr. Poot came, and stood before the first-lieutenant, with his mess-mates round him.

"Did you propose that the captain of the slaver should share the midshipman's mess-table?"

"I proposed no such thing, Mr. Brindley. I said that the man expected it; and had informed me that it was customary in some vessels of the squadron."

"Well! the idea came through him, you see, Sir," Royster struck in eagerly.

Poot's lip curled. "You can judge for yourself, Mr. Brindley. I may not have the honour of these gentlemen's friendship, but I must beg a fair construction of my conduct from them."

"The slaver's captain proposed it?" said Brindley, after a pause. "Send him here!"

A tall, bearded man (who had now owned his command, hoping to be more comfortable through it), joined the group, which, by this time, attracted curious eyes from the seamen of the watch, who were lounging about, forward, while the brig tranquilly stood for the land.

Brindley's Spanish was limited to a few business sentences, and the Spaniard before him, spoke (or would speak) nothing else. In a few minutes, jolly Brindley was embarrassed, and our friends Lindsay and Eustace looked at each other, puzzled.

"If I may take the liberty, Sir—shall I interpret?" said Poot. The whole group looked at Poot with surprise.

"Yes," said Brindley.

Poot spoke a few sentences with perfect ease; the man replied, and they talked for several minutes. Poot's fluency, readiness, and the quickness with which he answered,

indicated excellent acquaintance with the tongue. The 'Lotuses' were dumb-founded.

"He says, Sir, that in the 'Beadle,' now on the southern part of the station, the midshipmen received the officers of the slavers as a regular thing, and with Captain Podger's permission. He reasons thus, Sir—"

Lindsay made a gesture of eagerness.

"Excuse me, Lindsay," Brindley said. "We'll dispense with his reasons, Mr. Poot; the 'Lotus' is not the 'Beadle.' We don't look on felons—or, if he does not own that term—we don't look on infamous traders as companions for gentlemen. You can go." Whereupon, Brindley, dismissed the whole business as settled, and the group broke up.

Poot's Spanish was a discovery. We may be sure that it was discussed in the berth, and it was heightened in its interest, by the discovery—into the bargain—that Poot had been heard to talk to another of the detained crew, in Portuguese. "We have been mis-

taken in him," said Bibble, honestly respecting all knowledge which he himself was too lazy to acquire.

"Nay," Lindsay said, "I told you always he was a clever man, and we see that his hours in that office are not idle. I am not so surprised, now that I reflect on the matter, though I was surprised at the moment." Afterwards, Lindsay repeated to Eustace, that he had always said Poot was ambitious, and he thought it certain he would rise. A curious character, that," Lindsay added, "I dare say we shall see more of him." On further conversation, they agreed that there was a mystery about Poot. Eustace remembered his eager haste to see the 'Sandpiper's' midshipman (recorded in our last chapter), and his angry look when he (Eustace) on first seeing him, carelessly mentioned the Poots of the town of Huntingford. Eustace felt curious, as to whether his father would say anything of them, in his next letter. "There is power about him," said Lindsay. "I should say a man who

will rise, and won't much be particular how."

As he said this, they walked forward in the short twilight of the tropics, to smoke a cigar on the top-gallant forecastle. Two figures were standing by the booms, as they passed. One of them was the captain of the slaver; and talking to him was Poot—practising Spanish, no doubt.

The dull sultry heat brooded heavily on the 'Lotus.' Generally sea and sky were of a clear blue, all day, but this became monotonous and depressing. Languor rested on the vessel, like a kind of cloud. The 'Lotuses' had been dandies rather, that is, for small craft men, who are generally so much more loose and rough in their attire, than your line-of-battle ship and Mediterranean gentlemen, that you would not take them for men of the same profession. The dandy days gradually went by. Blanket clothing became the fashion; and we must now picture Eustace who has grown quite tall, as an

open-necked, loose-looking, somewhat sun-burnt youth—in blanket-trowsers—frequently—a little given to lounging and yawning in the afternoon, but still active and merry, and looking the fierce heat and the gorgeous-coloured tropical shore, when a picturesque bit of it comes in view, as the white-sailed 'Lotus' glitters along the coast, with gray eyes all undaunted, as yet. Sun-awnings are spread to shut out the terrible noon-day glare. But the worst enemy is at night, when the blazing sun has left the heavens dark, and the dew falls—a subtle unwholesome dew, which moistens and blights—heaven's poison.

The 'Linda's' crew had been landed, without much ceremony. The 'Linda' herself, had been sent to Sierra Leone, to which division of the station the 'Lotus' was attached, under the command of Percy Bibble, and there duly condemned. The 'Linda' was worth something, and practical men thought it a pity to destroy her. But the authorities destroyed her. The 'Runner'



sunk her with shot; and by degrees, no doubt, her crew found their way home in other slavers, or in merchant ships, (the regular trade being in many, many ways, a main supporter of the slave trade, as the practical know), and joined fresh 'Lindas' in the same line of business.

After a while, the lovely 'Lotus' makes the acquaintance of a tornado. The glass in the cabin seems seized with human terror, and Montfichet rushes on deck very calm and very earnest.

"Hands shorten sail;" and, in a minute, the men are swarming among her white sails thick as insects in an enormous tropical lily. In one section of sky from E.S.E. to E.N.E., a dense intense darkness of the blackest cloud gathers; the ridge of them spreads high sailing and terrible over the heavens, furrowing it with black rows; then a concentrated squall breaks—a perfect thunderbolt of wind, and down it comes, blowing off the land, and lashes air and sea. Brief as terrible, it leaves no time for a sea

to get up, and the waters are smooth when it has passed away.

Mere "equipped vessels" are not good prizes, and the 'Lotus' would have made but a sorry thing of it, in a pecuniary point of view; but she took a loaded slaver in lat.  $6^{\circ} 30'$  N. long.  $11^{\circ} 30'$  W., off shore—(Bibber's plan). She caught her with so little trouble, that Brindley asked her skipper, how it was he had not done more for himself? "I took you for the 'Cowslip,'" said he, to the delight and amusement of the 'Lotuses,' or 'Loti,' as they now, for a change, used to call themselves. How is it, that these slavers know all about our squadron? How is it that they know that the 'Poppet' can sail, and the 'Cowslip' can't; that the 'Bee' is weatherly, and the 'Flirt' a tub? How is it they sail better, and that their skippers are such competent men for their very blackguardly business, while we, with all England to pick from, and an honourable cause, as we loudly profess it, are out-manceuvred and defeated, and go on paying six

hundred thousand pounds a year for a job which we only imperfectly perform? Nobody knows. Parliament does not know. Only, people are beginning to whisper that King Midas has asses' ears; and that on the coast of Africa, as elsewhere, his subjects feel the effects of that peculiarity.

Eustace was selected to take the slaver, and her human cargo, to Sierra Leone. He was then, *pro tem* commander of the 'Rosamond' a very pretty schooner with his own prize crew, his own store of provision, and a mission of his own. It was a new sensation, as he ordered the helmsman to "put the helm up," and standing by the compass, watched the schooner's sails fill on her course. It was a pleasant sensation to run up a flag in answer to the old 'Lotus's' good bye. It was a brave sensation to be alone in a command, with armed men under him, upon the high sea. It was dashed with melancholy, though, this feeling of youth and pride, as he saw the familiar brig vanish spectral into the thick, warm twi-

light, and knew that many days must pass uncheered by several friendly faces—unilluminated by the pleasant countenance of the true friend.

## CHAPTER IX.

OUR HERO MEETS WITH A SURPRISING ADVENTURE.

NEXT morning found the schooner 'Rosamond,' commanded by Eustace Conyers, R.N., edging slowly along in light winds, every breath of which, however, her sails knew how to take advantage of. Blue sky and blue sea glared at each other, like a couple of bright mirrors; she was lying her course, and Eustace had nothing for it but patience; and to console himself, without society, the best way he could. He came on deck early, in a light dress, and a straw hat, about as large

as a parasol, and being as we know, essentially an active fellow, one, all whose talents and all whose tastes looked to action, for their gratification, he moved, in his vessel, with his eyes about him. What says his private log?

“Rosamond—A.M.—A male slave died last night. We buried him this morning. Had the hatches open early, and had some of the slaves up, in batches, and washed them. The scared look of the poor fellows at first, was something touching. I tried, through an interpreter, to get something like conversation out of one of them. When I come to look at my notes of the result, I find them curious little scraps of talk in shorthand, as it were, much like what one could fancy a dog's bark translated into human speech to be. They had been driven from a great way, had been in barracoons, beaten with a rope, chained by the leg. One said, he had been some time before put in a slave-ship, which was driven on shore by a ‘big

ship.' Perhaps this was our own performance in the case of the 'Esperanza.'

"I made a minute measurement of the schooner, this forenoon, and examined her spars and sails, going aloft. In searching the cabin where I am installed, (*vice* José da Costa, kicked out,) I found we had missed a locker, and forcing it open—discovered—first, some French coloured prints, which I committed to the sea, (which is too large to be polluted,) second, an American flag, under which the impudent blackguards had no doubt falsely sailed on this cruise; third, a Rio newspaper—Da Costa, being probably of a political turn.

"Brindley has given me a very bad selection from the 'Lotus's' men; three of my crew, I remember, as being flogged, (one for theft,) when we were at Gibraltar; a fourth, I myself saved from the same punishment in the 'Tagus.' Of the slaver's crew, too, there are three men on board: one an officer, whom I am to bring before the Court at Sierra

Leone, as ruffianly a looking fellow as I remember to have seen.

“ 2 P.M. The wind is freshening from off the land. In this dull solitude, one may be excused thinking about one's dinner ; and I confess to looking forward with interest to some preserved meat, which Montifichet gave me. Would that there was here,—“ the Lindsay light and gay !”

The log for the day goes no further, and we proceed to detail the events which succeeded it, from after narratives of Eustace's, and conversations in which he himself has often told them, ——'s beautiful eyes watching him the while. He had noticed nothing particular in the conduct of the crew. At five, he went below to dinner, where he was waited on by one of the ‘ Lotus's ’ boys. He enjoyed a haricot made from the preserved meat above-mentioned, and then sat down to a bottle of Cape wine, some of a stock which the midshipmen's mess brought from the ‘ Sandpiper's,’ on the occasion of their meeting.



Cape wine, when good, and when it does not adulterate itself, and then call itself sherry, is very drinkable. In fact, as Eustace sat in solitary state, with the decanter and some fruit, and mused, he felt in that supreme state of rather conceited contentment which comes over a youth of parts when he has had an excellent dinner, and his prospects are generally flourishing. The true imperial purple is "the purple light of youth." Here was Eustace, the "last descendant chief" of an ancient line; promising, as an officer; popular, as a ship-mate; already a skilful sailor; the sun of manhood just rising on him, all hope; filling a position of some little importance, and leading a life of energy and responsibility (at an age when his English compeers were shooting partridges, and bungling over Greek plays!). Such was his condition, we say; and no wonder he felt elated. The Coast, indeed, was a service detested by the profession; but the loyal Eustace was determined to make the best of it. His health was good, and his feelings were fresh.

By excellent fortune, he had grown up, hitherto, untainted by dissipation. No innocent face could have touched his conscience with a secret feeling of humiliation and shame. Hence, few youth, we say, had better reason to be happy and grateful than our hero, as on that warm evening he slowly sipped his wine.

A strange drowsiness came over Eustace. Not that it surprised him at the time. It was rather attended by a delicious sense of indifference to everything—as if he were being borne by angels down immeasurable abysses of azure air; or, gliding in the arms of Undine, down a still, clear, gem-like depth of sea. He felt his consciousness closing in, and shutting out all external objects—like the cup of a closing flower. Gradually (he had never thought of struggling against the sensation) he sank entirely, and no longer felt anything whatever.

When Eustace came to himself, he could not, for a few instants, recal anything at all. He had a very disagreeable taste in his

mouth, and his lips were dry and hard. He could not tell whether it was night or morning. He had to gather up, and arrange his reminiscences bit by bit; and, with vague wonder and pain, his mind exerted this power. When he last remembered anything, he was sitting in daylight verging towards evening—the cabin skylight open, with an awning over it—and he had taken, perhaps three, certainly not more than four, glasses of wine. *Now*, the cabin would have been totally dark, but for a small lamp, with a yellow, dull light, which hung upon the bulk-head over the table. Close to this lamp, hung his watch, which was tick-ticking away, and pointing to five. Five in the morning, this must be. Some great event had happened—some terrible change. Eustace *intensely* endeavoured to string up his frame to meet the position; but as yet there was a languor, physical and irresistible, hanging about him like a cloud.

His eye began to reconcile itself to the degree of light, and to familiarise itself with the place. He walked about. The door was

immoveable. The skylight was covered in with a wooden board, perforated with very small holes—both door and skylight were utterly proof against any force he could bring against them. What to do, he could not guess. He had no arms; he was as helpless as a man buried alive.

On the table, underneath the lamp, were two little tin vessels, which he carefully examined. Knowing that he must have been drugged, he was very cautious. He dipped his finger in one of them, and tasted it: it was water. The other he recognised to be lime-juice—a liquor of high value to the sailor, and which, by the regulations of the Navy, is served out whenever a ship's crew has for fourteen days been confined to salt provisions. Concluding, that if his life had been sought, it would have been as easy to take it as to stupify him; and feeling, that to die by poison would be better than to die by starvation—Eustace mixed the lime-juice, and took a draught. It almost immediately produced an effect upon him—and a very

good one. It revived him, and calmed his shaken nerves, and, indeed, acted as a specific antidote. He set himself to work to consider his position, and his future, and to look about the cabin, which had now become his prison. Pistols were gone, sword gone ; his clothes, however, were untouched ; he found a bucket of salt water, with his sponge beside it, standing beside the bunk (a recess in the cabin), in which he slept—just as he had ordered his boy to place them. All these details had an incredible interest—as in serious positions mechanical details always have—by breaking the force of the great anxiety which is oppressing you. Who has not felt that?

The schooner had been taken possession of. So much was clear enough. Eustace thought of the many stories he had heard, of the kind. Some time before, a slaver had been sent from the Southern Division, to St. Helena. When she arrived, the officer was missing ; and a report was made, that he had died at sea. When his clothes were ex-

amined, blood was found upon some of them. So, at least, the story went; and it was not an encouraging one to remember. The South American continent produces, at this time, the greatest villains found among mankind. Round the Slave Trade all kinds of villainy naturally gather; and it is an admitted fact, on all hands, that, should we abandon our Suppression squadron, we should still have to retain one to protect our commerce from piracy. Nor is there any impossibility in a man-of-war having in her large crew a fellow or two of a kidney to match the ripe ruffians whom the sun breeds about the line. The bulk of naval seamen are worthy, rough, loyal fellows, very harmless, except to enemies; but who is to answer for every individual enlisted, when many are serving under false names—of antecedents utterly unknown?

Eustace, therefore, felt that his position was a serious one. His life, indeed, did not seem threatened, at present. But what might occur to alter this state of things, at

any time ? Then, what wretchedness seized him, as he thought of the 'Lotus'—of his lost command—his unsuccessful career in the schooner—the duty in which he had been defeated. These thoughts shake a brave heart ; and as he paced, in the dull light, he clenched his fists, and stamped, and cursed the hour in which he had tasted the fatal wine. But for that, he would have had a chance with his sword, and, at least, could have struck a blow for the flag, and for his name. Alas ! for the old name, and the high memories !

The hours wore away, and, still, Eustace paced up and down. He sometimes heard steps on deck, and he felt the motion of the vessel, and knew that she was bowling swiftly along. In the afternoon of next day, a small aperture became visible in the roof of the cabin, where the faint gleams of light through the air-holes had long shown that the bright sun ruled above—and an object, lowered by a rope, slowly dangled down. "On deck, there !" cried poor Eustace, with

passionate eagerness. "If you're an Englishman ——" The rope jerked; the object fell; the aperture closed. He was left alone in his misery, *plus* the tin case which had fallen. On taking it up, he found it contained various articles of dinner—not unwelcome, and which he began to spread upon his table. There was jerked beef, and rice, and biscuit, and a little phial, which contained rum. The interest with which he laid out these things for his repast—the curious minuteness with which he placed each in a definite position—Eustace has always said, appears to him very strange, when he looks back. He ate heartily. Then, suddenly, a terrible feeling of rage came over him. He dashed his body against the door; he tried to force the skylight. Both efforts proved him to be perfectly impotent in the matter of obtaining his freedom; and, down he sat on a chair, and flung his legs out. The inevitable night came on, and brought no change. He was more fatigued than the hardest day's



work would have made, or had ever made him ; and he slept deeply and dreamlessly.

Days passed over him in this way ; at the same hour each day, his food was lowered down to him. He was half-ashamed to think how much interest he took in this, the only event of the twenty-four hours. He ran through much the same range of feelings,—sometimes rage, sometimes slow endurance, sometimes cheerfulness, and the “devil-may-care” feeling, which makes part and parcel of every man born a sailor. He walked to and fro, much ; but he drew on his memory wonderfully ; and he had no conception that it would prove so rich as it did. Things which floated vaguely in his head at ordinary times, now came out with distinctness, and unfolded fresh treasures out of themselves. Forgotten conversations came again, and neglected faces, and generally too with a new significance about them. He weighed these spiritual possessions : it was a kind of

"taking stock" in the moral way. He learned his deficiencies much, at this time, and the religious feeling, not now scattered or disturbed by the noisy world, asserted its true power, and blessed him with a double endurance. But his rage at times was alone in possession of him, and he yearned for one good struggle in the cheerful sun-light. Then the reaction, the shaken nerves languishing in the heat, the tears which weakness brought, and shame, unable to hinder them, turned into burning pain. Poor Eustace! We fancy him, after such a struggle, resuming his dreary and narrow walk, and we see a sickly paleness gathering on his brow. Let us not dwell longer on details, but now advance to a fresh development of our story.

What change is this? Eustace Conyers had slept sound one night: when he awoke he was conscious of a changed atmosphere. He sprang from his bed, and dressed himself with nervous eagerness. The

sky-light was open : the light (blessed light which fell upon him, and dazzled him) rioted in the cabin, and seemed to change the place in a magic or supernatural manner. The door was open, and with such a feeling of joy and wonder, as comes not often in life, Eustace sprang to the deck. The schooner was at anchor, in a small bay, on a strange coast. The main-hatches were wide open, and all the slaves gone. Nobody was on deck but two Kroomen, who could speak no English, and who when Eustace addressed them, pointed to the shore. Eustace ran about in an astonished manner, leaping up and down the cabin stairs, and all uncertain, in the midst of his tumult of delighted animal spirits, what he should do, or what would become of him. He drew a bucketful of salt water, and had a glorious souse : he dressed himself in his last pair of clean white trousers, and last clean shirt, and once more came on deck, and contemplated the shore and his prospects.

His sword, pistols, and telescope, were

nowhere to be found. He had nothing but that selection of clothes which he had taken with him from his chest in the 'Lotus,' weeks since. He knew not where to turn for any breakfast. The schooner was an empty hull; all her spars gone, and every boat, but a little dingy, which lay alongside. The grand tropical sun was slowly rising up the heaven, and the day would plainly be hot: no sail was visible on the immense expanse of tremulous and glittering sea, and here was Eustace, with a schooner like an empty coffin under him, helpless and hopeless. He must try the shore.

Eustace, we have seen, had dressed himself as well as circumstances permitted—as men do on important occasions, good or bad. In an uniform jacket, and gold-laced cap, and white trousers, our young friend leaped into the dingy, and began to row himself on shore. Turning for a moment, he saw figures winding round a break in the hilly coast; he paused and lay on his oars, looking first at the moving

figures, then out at a line in the sea, which marked the existence of a reef, guarding the shore like a wall, and the breaks in which could only be known to pilots accurately versed in the coast. Altogether, he was still as much a prisoner as yesterday, but the fresh air and the light had marvellously improved his spirits; and now he had but one predominant feeling, viz., a desperate resolution to face whatever might come, in a high-spirited and hearty manner. He was at bay; but he thought of the gallant friends of the 'Lotus,' whom he now represented. He thought of the thousand accidents, by flood and field, out of which the heads of his family had safely come, and he pulled on shore in his little boat, to overhaul the coming figures with unabated vivacity.

When he jumped on the sounding shingle, the group which he found there was a small one. Two fine mules, with handsome ornamental trappings, were there; and holding the bridle of one of them was a big,

bronzed figure, in a jacket of flowered cotton and yellow jack-boots, with a green hat on, made out of a huge banana leaf. He was English, and yet not quite English in his face, which was shrewd and bony; his grey eyes looked out from under a pair of brown, shaggy eye-brows, and his voice had a peculiar nasal twang in it. He looked somewhat like a buccaneer-puritan, if you can fancy such a combination.

This individual raised his hat—speaking in a dull, deliberate, nasal tone, which the reader must endeavour to represent to himself as well as he can.

“Good morning, Sir! You’re an English officer come ashore, here, rather in a peculiar kind of way.”

“You may say so,” interrupted Eustace. “I belong to H.M. brig, ‘Lotus.’ My crew mutinied in the schooner I was taking to Sierra Leone; and where I am I have not the least idea.”

“Well, Sir, you’re in the Brazils, just now: a country with large natural ca-pa-

bilities is the Brazils. The gentleman I act for has sent me to ask you to come and stay with him. He lives quite in a pa-tri-archal manner, up the country. He heard there was an English gentleman come ashore; and he offers his hospitality, till you look about you, and make up your mind as to your future per-e-gri-nations."

Eustace could not help laughing. "But, the schooner—the slaves—the crew. I don't know what the deuce to do!"—and he bit his thumb, and looked from sea to shore in perplexity.

"I, myself, know nothing about all that," said the stranger, in a very distinct voice. "The people of the coast, here, are a peculiar people, no doubt. There is a kind of patri-archal simplicity" ('patriarchal' was a favourite word of the speaker's, evidently) "about their notions of things. I should not think you could do much with that schooner," he added, looking carelessly at her, and then glancing under his eye-brows at Eustace. There was a silence.

"Well," said Eustace, "I can do nothing else; and I'm obliged by the gentleman's kindness."

The stranger instantly seized the bridle of the finer mule of the two, and drew the mule alongside Eustace. Up jumped Eustace. The stranger then handed him a kind of parasol, saying, "You'll find it rather hot, Sir, as we go a-long. This is an ardent climate, and very trying to the Anglo-Saxon," (another favourite word). "But have you any wearing apparel in the schooner?"

"True," said Eustace. And he pulled to the schooner, and brought away his property in a canvass bag. This, the stranger civilly placed on the crupper of his own mule; and off they set.

The pace of a fine mule is very agreeable. They wound round along a defile, leaving the old familiar sea, so long our hero's home, behind, and advancing into a rich tropical country, full of all sights and sounds which could allure an eye long accustomed to dwelling on the waves. Grand, umbrageous,



flowering vegetation, *foaming*, as it were, with flowers, spread before them. The cocoa-tree, the banana-tree, the beautiful Brazilian myrtle (worthier of sweet Venus than the myrtle which was consecrated to her, in the pleasant Mediterranean), the sacred and mystic palm, saluted Eustace's senses; and, after a pause, in which his eyes were dazzled, he panted in the increasing heat, and ejaculated, "How beautiful!"

"Ah—yes!" said his companion, in his usual tone; "there is something to astonish a Eur-o-pean, mind, here. The capabilities of this country are quite remarkable. The destiny of the Anglo-Saxon is partly to be worked out here, I believe."

"Is your—your employer an Englishman," inquired Eustace, with a little hesitation.

The stranger paused, before answering. "He's a Brazilian subject—as I am myself. The native Brazilian is an in-do-lent man. He has not that work in him which the Anglo-Saxon has."

This reply did not clear up the matter.

But it showed Eustace the uselessness of hoping that he would get any information out of his companion, not altogether suited to that companion's convenience. He looked at him, with curiosity; his massive brown face and energy of frame showed him to be no common man.

"You've been a sailor, in your day?" Eustace said, smiling.

"Yes. My personal history is pe-cu-liar. I have seen a great deal of various life in my time. But, I'm settled, at present—estate-managing, you know, Sir. We live quite in a patri-archal manner."

"Ah!" thought Eustace. "This man manages the estates of some planter, as I supposed. I wonder what sort of fellow his 'employer' is!" Again, Eustace relapsed into silence, giving the mule the bridle, and enjoying the slumberous heat. He was never weary of contemplating the rich vegetation, with its lavish abundance of hues and forms. Plants with great broad leaves—plants with long, thin, ladder-like leaves—

plants which threw their flowers out, like an exploding rocket—plants which slanted them down, as if inviting you to pluck them from the thin, tremulous branches. Sometimes, a bird glittered by, with a crimson gleam—as it were, a descending tongue of flame. Eustace was faint, rather, from recent confinement, and from not having broken his fast; and the scene oppressed him, as if he were in a trance. But he soon found that the climate, though luxuriantly warm, was not so oppressive as he expected. Part of their way lay through roads lined with clipped hedges of mimosa, and the brilliant beauty of the scene soon proved refreshing. Besides which, his companion, seeing him languid, produced a pocket-pistol, from which our friend drank a mixture marvellously like whiskey-and-water. On inquiry, he was told that this was called *caxas*, and was a “native product.” He of the yellow jack-boots said this with a kind of dry grin, which seemed to indicate that he was not unsusceptible of the sensation of humour; and so the hours

passed on, as they penetrated into the country. Information of a personal character was not to be got out of the big bony man ; but, of general conversation, he seemed rather fond. Eustace learned that thicket was called *mato*, and a country place, a *fazenda* ; that a resting-place of the shed description, for shelter, was a *rancho*, and so forth. The leading idea of the big man was, that the "Anglo-Saxon" was destined to possess everything, and rule everybody ; and when, in the wantonness of strength, he smacked his huge whip, and brought away from the hedge, as he sometimes did, a flight of blossoms which would have fetched a few pounds for an English conservatory—Eustace could not help pitying the fellows, whoever they were, who had to work under the inspiration of that *flagellum*.

He shook himself and collected his energies, however, as they drew near a white villa, surrounded by a garden (on some trees in which, oranges gleamed like lamps), and

was informed that they were at their journey's end. The villa's windows were protected by green jalousies ; everything around and about it was most carefully kept ; and some scarlet fuschias, which struck Eustace, with their dazzling glare, almost diverted his attention from the knot of black slaves at the door, who rushed to proffer service, the moment he appeared.

"I wish you a good day, Sir," said the man who had accompanied him, and touching his green hat, trotted away.

- Bowing profoundly—one taking his cap, one coming with slippers, one taking the parasol—the black servants received Eustace. One of them, bowing, and indicating that he should follow, led the way to a bath-room,
- where Eustace enjoyed the luxury of a perfumed warm bath, and dreamily wondered, as he lay in it, where, or what, all this was going to lead to. The old 'Lotus' seemed to be removed from him by an immeasurable gulf. "If this be a dream," said Eustace to

himself, "it is such a dream as one does not willingly wake from. By Jove! it is like the 'Arabian Nights!'"

Having bathed voluptuously, feeling fresh as a new-plucked rose, Eustace followed the black servant who had been waiting outside the bath-room, and was conducted to one of the principal rooms of the house. Remaining alone in this, he found himself surrounded by all such light and elegant furniture as the country required. Lightness and airiness were the effects at which the lord of the place had aimed. Everything seemed fragile and delicate, costly and cool. There were various beautiful tables, each of which bore traces of some separate occupation of their owner's. On one, were unfinished drawings, on another, music and writing materials; on a third, many a rich leaf and tinted blossom, destined for a scrap-book. There was a remarkable picture of the Virgin hanging up which rivetted Eustace's attention for some eager minutes. Sitting up in an antique pallet in a corner of the room, the

Blessed Lady was receiving from the hand of the angel, the symbolic lily announcing the peculiar gift of the divine grace. But it was the holy loveliness of the expression on her youthful face, which took possession of Eustace. The painter had conveyed to her eyes a look of spiritual beauty—a look as if one who was looking into eternity, so grave without severity, and so dream-like, without indistinctness, that you were at once touched and awed. You recurred to it, again and again, as if it had even doctrinal significance. The beauty would have, perhaps, been too sacred for a merely private room; but that the strange spirituality of the eyes was tempered by the effect of the maiden's golden hair.

Eustace turned away from this picture, the possession of which marked the lord of this apartment at once, as a person to be expected with new curiosity, and everywhere the room showed signs that its inhabitant was something more than a mere planter. In a few minutes, Eustace's eye had seized a

dozen marks of a taste for beauty, grace, luxury ; and his curiosity was extreme, when the door opened, and the eagerly-expected host came in.

For the person who now entered, could he be no other. A young man, of features delicate almost to girlishness, but full of ripe intellect and experience, with a manner frank and graceful, somewhat dashed by languor, came hastily in. He walked up to Eustace and shaking hands, said—

“You are welcome, Englishman ! Your name is ?”

“My name is Eustace Conyers,” and our hero bowed. “Your’s ?”

“Call me,” said the young man, smiling.

“Call me Don Emanuel.”



## CHAPTER X.

## DON EMANUEL.

DON EMANUEL rang a silver hand-bell, and forthwith the door opened, and a procession of black servants entered, bearing a repast, heartily welcome to the eyes of our hero. Substantial dishes formed the first course, and then came rich fruits heaped upon fine china. The Don took little himself, but was exceedingly attentive to Eustace, who feasted luxuriously. With the fruit, the servants placed wine and liqueurs, and presently a special black in a different garb

entered with pipes and tobacco of a dozen forms and kinds. You could smoke as they do in the East, or the West Indies, or Europe, or Syria, according to your taste. Don Emanuel lighted a cigar at a little lamp which Eustace afterwards observed to be modelled after the lamp of Christabel; and, having seen Eustace established in an American rocking-chair, similarly provided, he said in a light musical voice:

“What are they doing in Europe?”

There was something so odd in this comprehensive question, that Eustace smiled. He had expected some inquiry about himself and his adventures. At all events he had expected some more common-place beginning. He looked at the strange, handsome inquirer.

“What are your own dates? I must know how far back your information extends?” said Eustace.

“Nay, pray tell me your general impressions. It is a luxury for me to talk to an English gentleman; and I will not spoil the pleasure by breaking it into little bits.”

“Well,” said Eustace, catching the quaint humour of the man, and resolving to draw him out, as well as to be drawn out himself; (the “Lotuses” were not to be made the subjects of elegant dissection for the amusement of Don Emanuel—)

“Well, Don Emanuel, I cannot answer for the whole of Europe, with much accuracy; but I must do the best I can. We have turned out the elder branch of the Bourbons, in France, as, perhaps, you have heard; and we are ruled thereabouts by a very good and wise monarch, on whom the peace of Europe depends; the agent of an enlightened middle-class—for we justly consider the middle-class the important part of states. In Italy, the Pope, the Austrians, and a few families have got it all to themselves; and when an able man appears, we exile him, for the general benefit. In Spain, we are a little retrograde, perhaps; but we have a Constitutional party, and we are gradually improving; for everything is done by constitutions; and mankind are becoming more enlightened

day by day. Of Germany, we, in England, hear little, except at school and college ; where we are educated through the medium of the books it produces. But in England, —Don Emanuel,—in England, we are, justly, the envy of all the rest of mankind. The King of the French models himself upon us —an excellent monarch ! All the Constitutionalists in Europe make rows under our inspiration ; and we are famous for giving them solid assistance. We have reformed our constitution ; so that it is our boast that the meanest individual may rise to be Prime Minister ; a fact, indeed which comes about, sometimes ! You have no idea of the number of great men we owe to our reformed Constitution. There is Mr. Leathers—he reduces our salaries ; there is Mr. Bobbin (the great Bobbin), he keeps his eye on our military establishments, and he and his friends do their best to keep down our army ; for we are never to have another war, because the King of the French knows better ; and it all depends upon the King of the French ;

and because commerce has so improved mankind, that they hate the very notion of it; and because, for instance, Russia has been proved to be so financially weak, that she would be crushed in a minute. It is our boast, then, that we shall peaceably go on improving, chiefly through the agency of commerce; which gradually supplies us with rich peers, and fills our professions; and, through our freedom, which (acting by a pure system of election) insures the wise rich man, aided by the good hustings-orator, the perennial control of affairs.

“Should anything go wrong, our remedy is at hand; more electors who are sure to be wiser than the existing body; more middle-class potentates, because already the Leathers and Bobinses are far beyond the pre-reform men, in parts. Indeed, I for one, see no bounds to our gradual development. Take the mere pulling down the aristocratic and territorial interest, and see what glorious results we shall have! No tie between the proprietor, the tenant, and the labourer, ex-

cept the perfectly satisfactory one of the average rate of wages. A gradual disappearance of superstitious traditions and stupid sentiment. Everything open to everybody who has money, and money gradually amalgamating with the newer aristocracy: and when it stumbles on accidents and errors, justly throwing the blame on the old noble families, who did, indeed, turn out mediocrities like Bolingbroke and Chesterfield, Mansfield and Erskine, and Byron, but who are effete. But here is our greatest and noblest feature. Our progress is all in the purest spirit, and when our reformers change anything, it is from motives as holy as the inspirations of the early Christians. They have none of the weaknesses of the men whom they assail, and no sordidness, no envy, no love of power. The manufacturers who had the movement, are beloved by those whom they employ,—their factory towns are models of happy comfort, and their operatives shower roses on their path as they go by; a handsome race of

men, full of high sentiment and elegant culture.

“ I must apologize, Don Emanuel, for occupying you so long. But, I presume, that you never read our newspapers ; so you cannot be expected to know all this. We are happy and prosperous in Europe, Don Emanuel ! ”

And, so, this young but artful villain refreshed himself with diluted claret, and looked at his host with as serious a countenance as he could command.

“ Englishman,” said the Don, rising, and slapping him on the shoulder, “ I am obliged to you. I know you now, and we shall get on famously. Do you like that wine ? Try that pine-apple. This is the native country of the pine. I’ll shew you fruits and flowers, here, that scarcely your botanists have heard of. After your sea voyage, you need rest. This is a place of rest.”

“ You are kind,” said Eustace, “ but, unfortunately, I have duties. How am I to get

back to my ship? What am I to do with my schooner?"

"I heard that you were in a schooner, and had not a crew," said the Don, languidly.

"Yes," said Eustace, drily, "I was in command of a captured slaver, Don Emanuel. We took her on the Sierra Leone station, and my crew mutinied, and I was landed where your agent found me."

"You took the schooner, first, from somebody, and somebody took the schooner back from you?" said the Don, in his very pleasant manner.

"Precisely," said Eustace, with equal ease. "But, I took her in the service of the English Crown, and I cannot be expected to consider her re-capture, as an event on the same footing."

"Very true," said Don Emanuel. "You have done your duty, at all events. Enough for the day is the duty thereof. I only ask you to rest; then fly away again, and again begin work. You shall refresh yourself, and



be off, like a humming-bird—they are natives of our land.”

“ You are a Brazilian, are you, Don Emanuel ?”

“ No—not by birth. But, perhaps, you have not seen many of them. Do I look like one ?”

“ No.”

Indeed, in spite of his dark complexion, Don Emanuel had something about him that smacked decidedly of the north.

“ And your familiarity with our language,” said Eustace, “ I should think beyond the attainment of the indolent race.”

“ My mother was an Englishwoman. And there are parts of Spain, you know, where we retain the strongest features of our Gothic descent. A countryman of my mother’s is always a welcome guest to me,” continued the Don, with his most winning manner.

He was a Spaniard, then, this “ Don Emanuel.” Eustace was interested in him, and puzzled by him ; but how give himself up to the fascinations of this retreat, with the

responsibility, under which he was labouring, ever present to his mind? The Don watched him, as he rose from the table, and paced backwards and forwards in the room, with a cloud of reverie on his brow. He stopped short:

“Tell me, Don Emanuel—how shall I regain my ship? Have I any chance of getting a crew for the schooner? Just for a moment, consider my position, my dear Sir. My professional reputation hurt—my ship far away—my commander, my mess-mates, wondering over my fate (poor Lindsay, what will he feel?)—how can I be anything but wretched, even here?”

The Don was troubled in countenance. All pain, all annoyance, fell heavily on the Don. He shrank from it; and Eustace saw that he did.

“Ah, me! you sleepless Englishman!” said Don Emanuel, smiling. “You carry the turbulence of Europe about with you, and you bring it into my quiet dream-land, when I thought I had bid it good-bye. You have

lost all sense, in Europe, of the value of rest. No man sits under his vine : he is off to the market, to sell the grapes. You have a passionate and unquiet literature ; and as for your politics, they are like the fighting of your clowns at a fair. You, who know the sea, know that it is only when it is still, that one can see to the depths — that one can

“ ‘ See the deep untrampled floor,  
With sand and purple sea-weed strewn.’ ”

You observe that I read your poets. Let me bring my guitar, and sing you a song of Shelley’s !”

Eustace, in spite of his mental perturbation, laughed.

“ You laugh ?” said Don Emanuel, looking pleased. “ Let me tell you, Mr. Conyers, that there is nothing I more respect, in the English, than their feeling for humour.”

“ I beg your pardon, Don Emanuel, for interrupting you ; but pray hear me one minute. Can you tell me, when, where, and how, I shall

ever return to my duty ?” And Eustace gave a special emphasis to the last word.

Don Emanuel seemed to gather himself up for a struggle with disagreeable ideas, but when he spoke, he spoke with decision and rapidity enough.

“ So be it, then. Your schooner I cannot say you will ever obtain possession of. She was captured from you. This is a country where the government favours the slave trade, treaties or no treaties ; you understand ? This country must have black tillers ; they answer here, to what you call your working classes. So my friend, Don Pablo of Rio, tells me ; Pablo is a practical man, and has read your economists, and he says it is a question of supply and demand, which it seems is a great doctrine of those people. Pablo says that you are not in earnest in trying to put down the slave trade ; and that you are nothing but a money-making nation, so Pablo says. However, that is not to the point. Now, the schooner being lost, your course is to proceed to Rio, and go on board your man-

of-war there, and to Rio, which is a good long journey, I will find you transport as soon as possible. Can anything be more rational than this course?"

Eustace assented; what else was there to do? The Don's manner, during his proposal, had been that of a clear-headed, decided man, and Eustace strongly suspected that he was, also, Don Pablo of Rio. What was the Don? He must be a slave-owner himself. Was he in earnest as a Sybarite, or only a wearied adventurer now playing at philosophy? Such speculations flitted through Conyers' thoughts rapidly, while he answered, that he was obliged to him, for his attentions, and would wait his convenience.

Don Emanuel seemed infinitely relieved; and all the soft, half-languid manner returned to him.

"You must pardon my selfishness in wishing to detain you; but I promise you that you shall not be detained longer than can be helped. And now, pray, good Englishman," said the Don, smiling, "forget

your cares. Pablo says, that you all walk as if you were looking for something, and sit, as if you had lost something."

"Don Pablo seems to be a man of *esprit*."

"The Don has parts," returned his host. "But, come, let us while away the time till dinner; I dine late, but I will change my hours, if you prefer any other order."

"Nay, make no change for me."

"Well, I think a late dinner closes the day fittingly. It rounds it with pleasantness; and wine, if you observe, never looks so beautiful as in a sunset-light. I am told that you scarcely drink at all in England, and that conversation as an art is extinct. Pablo talked once, he says, at your minister's table, at Rio, and everybody asked why he did not write something? Why should he write? A wise man only writes just what he cannot talk."

"Yes," said Eustace. "But a man wishes to circulate his wit."

"Ah," said the Don, "it is this making

everybody partake of everything which I observe to be, after all, at the bottom of all English change. You live in an atmosphere of publicity. As Pablo says, an Englishman will by and bye, be a walking advertisement, like certain of their plebeians, who carry boards in their large towns."

"Where did Pablo study us with such curiosity, my dear Don?"

"Pablo has always been interested in your nation, like myself: he has been in London. Some of your merchants know more of the Brazilians than you suppose; but he meant to say that the publicity of everything in your country, is altering your manners. Your light literature draws away the gaiety of your talk, and reproduces a thousand-fold every form of all your classes, for the amusement of the rest. Hence, a universal rush of all classes to dress, talk, and live like the aristocracy; and hence they are driven to be as simple as possible in self-defence, and Pablo says, that there is now no surer mark of a man's being a great person in

your country, than his utter simplicity and freedom. They are unnaturally quiet, and the middle-classes unnaturally fussy. We see, therefore, why conversation should be tamed down; why, to be eloquent, would be much the same thing as to break a glass."

"It is, that no man must obtrude his personality, or jingle his wit, any more than he would jingle his money," said Eustace.

"It may be," said Don Emanuel, politely, "I was but quoting the cynic, Don Pablo. I hope you are right, for manners are a part of the beautiful."

Don Emanuel's eyes brightened; and in that sentence of his, and the earnest look he wore for a minute, our hero caught a glimpse of the Don's "philosophy." The conversation paused a little: the Don was in a reverie. Conyers looked at him, and round the room, with its elegant and luxurious fittings, and many a graceful little ornament, here and there. Was this another disciple of *nil admirari*, of which school



we have met a specimen or two already? or, had he here found a specimen of the modern heathen, somewhat different, but still not uncommon, garnishing the old Horatian doctrine with sentimentalism, and practising the old cynicism in a very superior and luxurious tub? Or, was his host a still deeper man than either of these, viz., an English Soofee, agreeably dashing the Eastern mysticism with epigram, and relieving it by enjoyment? Walter Lindsay had taught his friend to distinguish these various products of a peculiar age, and classify them. It would have pleased Walter to observe the Don, thought Eustace, reverting with melancholy interest to the old "Lotus," and wondering how his friends were. For a few minutes, neither he nor his host spoke; and now the day, which Eustace had begun so early, was waning away, and the Don rose.

"I always take the bath before dinner, after the manner of the ancients," said the Don. "And I make my dinner and supper one—a *cæna*, in fact."

"Something of the kind has been tried in Europe," said Conyers, laughing. "A humourist called Smollett, who was one of the Scotch *noblesse*, describes an attempt."

"Oh! Smollett. A very clever, rather coarse man. Pablo likes Smollett, and we read him together, once. But, my dear Sir, his 'supper' is all a caricature. He puts the black broth of Sparta on the table along with the fantastic dishes of the Empire—an absurd anachronism. Black broth was all very well for that narrow-minded Spartan people, who were fit for little but fighting. In Athens and in Rome, during their palmy days, they had much the same luxuries as are now held in honour in Europe. By the way, do you still produce as good oysters as ever in England?" said Don Emanuel, with interest.

"I believe we are not degenerating in the matter of oysters," said Eustace.

"I have many questions to ask you about England; we shall talk, when we are gar-

landed, anointed, accumbent—*cum furit Lyæus*," Don Emanuel said.

The Don's banquetting-room was as pleasant as the apartment in which Eustace had breakfasted. For flowers and fruit, the Don could rely on his own soil, as for many other luxuries ; but he owed to ships of Europe all kinds of productions, and most of its countries were represented by one article or another. Fresh from a rough service and a homely board, our friend Eustace felt like a bee in a flower-bed ; or like one of our northern kinsmen, when, shaggy and wild, he found himself, wonderstruck, in the vineyards of Italy. The Don pouring out his claret, seemed to have attained, gradually, to a state of classic calm ; and Eustace, tranquil and lazy, amused himself with wondering who his entertainer was, where he came from, what was his position, and what his history ; yet, somehow, could not but honour a gentleman who gave such dinners. Our young Viking, indeed—we say it frankly—felt the attractions of the Garden, and began to

suspect that Epicurus had been calumniated.

"Have you much society, Don Emanuel?" asked Conyers, by way of opening a conversation.

"My dear friend, I live here, not to have it. I am a hermit."

"You are a very jolly hermit, then," said Eustace, sipping his wine, and laughing.

The Don was pleased at seeing his guest in such good spirits.

"Jolly! Why, I like to live—"

"In luxury?" asked Eustace, seeing him pause.

"Nay, why call it luxury? I would live—as I think. Shall my outward world be less beautiful than the world of my imagination? I would have a harmony between the two. Thought supplies me with ideas of beauty; and in flowers and wine, in the pleasures of the sense, why, I turn these ideas into sensations. I do in life what good literature does—give outward shape to the

creations of the fancy. Do you know what the beautiful is, my young friend?"

"I think I do."

"And can you form a conception of the beautiful apart from the idea of enjoying it?"

Eustace paused.

"Upon my word, I can't say. I have no head for such an inquiry."

"Then, let me tell you, you could not. Enjoyment is a profound fact in our nature, however moderns may have affected to ignore it. The ancients knew it well. In their glorious old vintage festivals, in their worship of Dionysus the Reveller, in their comedy and satire, in their love of beauty, in a hundred embodiments—you see the vital sense they had of the glory of joy. What amusements have our hordes in Europe to compare with those of the ancient peoples? In England, your people have still fewer than any other race of mankind. My friend Don Pablo of Rio says that your governors preach the 'misery of life' to them, in order to

reconcile them to working at what you call the 'average rate of wages;' but enjoy themselves all they can, in their own clumsy way."

"Well," Eustace said, "about the amusements, you are right. My mess-mate, Lindsay, tells me there is a movement going on to amend us in that department."

"Wisely and kindly enough," the Don answered. "It is a movement set on foot by your reformers—your radicals—no doubt."

"I don't know. Perhaps it is," said Eustace, who was "green" in political details.

A pause followed. "People attribute our severity to our old 'Puritanism,'" Eustace said.

"Ah! there is a great deal of beauty in 'Puritanism,'" said the Don.

"Beauty?" said Eustace. "Goodness and earnestness, no doubt, but—"

"Beauty, too," said the Don. "The image of one of your old Puritan households

is quite charming to me: the grave old pater-familias with his silver hair and his big bible; a pleasant, serious-faced, sweet-faced daughter, all gravity and gentleness, like a young cypress-tree—I like the thought of it. Depend on it, the Hebrew traditions have quite as much beauty of a kind as others. What a calm idyllic beauty there is in the Book of Ruth.”

Conyers began to see a little more into the “philosophy” of Don Emanuel. The Don was a good-natured amateur then, of all kinds of beauty! The Don would pluck a rose of Sharon, and put it in his button-hole, as indifferently as any other. Oh! the subtle epicurean—warming his white hands at altar-fires. Are there anywhere in Europe such gentlemen as Don Emanuel, we wonder?

“What are you thinking of—oh, Englishman?” said the Don, in his gay manner. The Don was progressing famously with a jug of claret, and Eustace had not neglected it, himself.

"Of the wine," said Conyers, laughing.

"Strange, after thousands of years, we cannot improve on the juice of the grape," said the Don, with an air of reflection. "Rivals come up, yet if we would unbend, we must go to the aid of our old acquaintance—the jolly god. The printing-press will never silence the wine-press, let the moderns fight against it as they like. It is the subtlest embodiment of the fruits of the earth—the essence of the vegetable world. It is the symbol of the life-sap of nature; for wherever there is life there is moisture. It is the symbol of life itself," said the Don, feeling the enthusiastic fit, and becoming mystical, "for what is man but a high expression of life in a special form, as wine is an expression of the best qualities of the fruits of the planet?"

"Then, some of us are fine claret, and others *vin ordinaire*," said Eustace, who always wanted a practical application of doctrine.

"If you like. Men of genius, prophets,



poets, and so on, have a larger share of the life-wine, no doubt."

"And a wit has a little champagne in him, I suppose?" inquired Eustace. "Or, are we all of one wine?"

"I accept your version. A wit takes it in the form of champagne. . . . One of the earliest things I considered, when I first studied your language (I learned it—to speak—as a child), was the variations in the meaning of your word 'wit.' It seems to have been first used for intellect, generally; and, then, to have become limited to its present signification; as if it were intellect, *par excellence*. . . . But, try the *maracouja* (the Don said, as if a new thought had struck him); that is it; the bright green conserve, there."

Eustace tried the *maracouja*, and found it delicious.

"It is made from a kind of passion-flower," said the Don. "But, in regard to wit—do we not learn something about it from this fact in the history of the word? For is

not a genuine *bon-mot* a discovery; that is, the result of invention; which is the highest form of intelligence?"

"But many wits have been very ordinary men," said Eustace.

"I think you will find that even ordinary wits have been remarkable for good sense,—solid sagacity. And, on the other hand, most great men have been witty. The deduction would seem to be, that it is not a speciality—a peculiar gift; but something wide and universal, which, however, attains a special excellence in particular men. It is diffused through human nature, as electricity through matter; but gathers, in peculiar bodies, which receive it most readily, and breaks from them, when objects of proper affinity approach. A Wit Proper may thus be compared to Franklin's Kite: he gives his snap, when you put your knuckle to him. My dear Mr. Conyers, have you tried the *preboora*? The *preboora* (how charmingly coloured—red and gold!), with sugar, is one of my favourites. By the way, there is an

affinity between wit and wine. You are aware that, among the ancients, Dionysus was the god of the comic writer. That delightful dog, Aristophanes, calls him his nourisher. Are you tired of that claret?"

"By no means, Don. Your wine is as agreeable as your conserves. But you make me forget them by your conversation."

"Your praise, Senhor Conyers, smacks of that antique dignity of compliment which was cultivated among the ancients, and in the feudal days. An essay remains to be written," resumed the Don, (after a pause, which he had made, in order that Conyers might take up the talk, if he chose; which Eustace, who was interested in his host's character, did not do,) "on the effect of the political changes of Europe upon its social manners. The writer would have to trace manners from their origin, in feudalism; and to show how courtesy was derived from political relations; from the natural instincts of mankind, as modified (I mean) by those rela-

tions. He must take the first period, when all was natural and unconscious; then proceed to the epoch, when they were cultivated artistically, and reasoned upon; and, finally, he must consider how the spread of democracy, and the increasing influence of money are affecting them. . . . But I will talk no more to-night, for you must be weary."

Eustace protested that he was as lively as ever; and, indeed, the excitement and novelty of the day's events completely kept off the feeling of fatigue, so natural, after early rising and long travel. But the Don remained firm in his resolution; and before long, our hero was sound asleep, in sheets of embroidered muslin.

## CHAPTER XI.

OUR HERO MEETS WITH ANOTHER SINGULAR (THOUGH  
MORE AGREEABLE) ADVENTURE.

WHEN Eustace awoke, after a sound sleep, he found that the windows of his room looked out on the garden: and orange trees, walnut and fig trees, were the first objects on which his eyes rested. Far away were a range of hills clothed with forests, and the country which lay between was made up of plains, varied by undulations, by dells, and by trees. Flowers crowded almost in at the windows; some of them with delicious, snow-white

bells, so large that Eustace gazed at them with wonder. The Don had chosen a pleasant retreat assuredly. Epicurus never saw such a garden. Young Eustace felt that pleasure was a power; but still the activity which was the very essence of him, made him feel restless. He was a traveller in life; he thanked the Bandusian fountain for its refreshment; but what is refreshment for, but to help us on our way? So, thought the heir of the Conyerses, as he came down to breakfast, and shook hands with Don Emanuel, in the room in which he had first seen him.

“I know how you feel,” said the Don, smiling, and cutting a melon, “you feel like Hercules at the Cross-Way, (as we have the narration in the pleasant page of Xenophon,) when the two stately ladies, Eudaimonia and Aretê, presented themselves to him. You fancy that you have to choose between Pleasure and Virtue: ‘Pleasure here, and Virtue away.’ In modern times, (so my friend Don Pablo observes,) the respectable

English compromise the matter. They marry Aretê for the sake of her respectability, and retain Eudaimonia as a mistress."

Eustace laughed.

"I confess, Don Emanuel, that I am ungratefully anxious to be away; but you know my excuse. I am not my own master."

"And you shall go," said the Don. "I will give every order to-day. Meanwhile, a day is a day. I am to have the honour of your society to-day. Let us pass it pleasantly; and so much is gained out of the sum of things."

Certainly, Don Emanuel was an agreeable fellow.

Breakfast over, the question arose, how the day should be spent. Sailors, as a rule, are easy to amuse. And Eustace felt so much curiosity in his entertainer, that he thought his society quite sufficient to interest him. He had several times quietly glanced at the Don, and always thought more and more that his face was very English; but then, his

mother had been an English woman. Then, the Don was clearly a highly cultivated man, and had travelled much, and was a person, Eustace presumed, of fortune. Why, was he living in this out-of-the-way part of the world? To explanations of a personal character, Eustace felt he had no right. Certainly, it was a lovely country, and the Don had estates here, which he was now visiting. The mystery, so far from annoying Eustace, gave a piquancy to everything else about the Don and his mansion. One matter-of-fact thing was very plain, that he was being delightfully entertained by a private gentleman; and yet, he might possibly be a Spanish grandee exiled for political reasons, or some strange adventurer who had risen to fortune by a youth of romantic success. Add to this, the blending of pleasantry and speculation, of jokes and sentiments, which formed the Don's conversation; and we may conceive that Eustace found him a very companionable man, very unlike what he had fancied people in that part of the world to be.



So Eustace reflected as, breakfast over, he lounged at the windows of the room, while the Don carelessly turned over the various objects on his tables, some of which were beautiful specimens of the minerals of Brazil, carefully marked with little slips of paper. Eustace looked at these, and at a splendid scrap-book of leaves and flowers, and then, up at the portrait of the Virgin, which had so affected him when he first saw it. Don Emanuel saw him doing so, and observed his countenance with interest. When Eustace took his eyes off it, he met the Don's look.

"That certainly is a wonderful picture," said Eustace; "those eyes haunt me."

"Full of religious beauty," said Don Emanuel, his face more serious and thoughtful than usual. "Now, there, you see a kind of beauty which the ancients did not attain. They had little of that peculiar spiritualism which belongs to us, the result partly of our Christianity, and partly, we may presume, of the special gifts of the races we come from."

"Is it so?" said Eustace—for anything that seemed to bear upon the lives and characters of men, interested him, just *because* it so bore, and not otherwise.

"I think so," said the Don. He paused, and added, "The worship of the virgin must have had a profoundly good effect upon the condition of women in Europe; must have elevated the idea of them, everywhere. It is," (here, the Don dipped a little brush in gum, and began to fasten down a glorious yellow leaf) "a beautiful embodiment of the religious sentiment!"

"You are a Catholic, of course, Don?" said young (and "green") Eustace, unthinkingly.

"Why so, my dear Conyers?"

Eustace really could not answer; he had been misled by the Don's increased gravity and reverence of manner, into forgetting what he had learned of his views the day before. And the Don's way of looking at things was so totally different from his own, that he did not—notwithstanding his natural

sagacity, which was excellent—readily seize it.

“To be sure, I had no reason to think so, except from your country,” said Eustace.

“Well, I suppose I am a Catholic, too,” said the Don, quietly; “but I assure you, the faith takes odd shapes in our *fazendeiros*\* and our priests hereabouts. It is an advantage the old Church has, that she does not require all her individual priests to be able men. The grand old system keeps the people in awe. And once attach a mysterious sanctity to the priest, and, you know, he will be revered as a priest, though he should be a dunce.”

“You must find yourself oddly situated among your raw neighbours,” said Eustace, who would have much liked to lead the Don to talk about his own history.

The Don shrugged his shoulders. “I see little of them; when I do, they amuse me. The old priest of the nearest village has a

\* The “gentleman-farmers” as they may be called, of Brazil.

great reputation as a scholar, on the ground that he sits down, every evening, to a Latin bible—which he cannot read, by the way, as I once found out, by accident.” The Don laughed again.

They happened to be silent, for a while, and the temperature was just of that delightful kind which inclines one to musing and reverie. Eustace gazed again at the portrait of the Virgin, and again felt its fascination. Lounging near one of the tables, on an arm-chair, Eustace found a manuscript on it, very neatly written; a glance at which, showed him, that it was a poem in English, in the Spenserean stanza.

“May I read this?” he asked.

“If you can!” said the Don, with a polite laugh.

“Oh! I make no doubt I shall be able,” Eustace said, smiling; and now feeling certain, from the Don’s modest speech, that it was a composition of his own. The poem was called “THE PILGRIM,” and seemed to

contain an individual narrative; but rather of the inward than the outward history of the subject; though Eustace presently came to a passage, in which the death of the Pilgrim's mother was narrated,—followed by some stanzas which appeared to have warmer earnestness than preceding ones. These last ran as follows:—

“ They bore her with a garland on her breast,  
In the time-honoured manner of our land,  
Dewy with sacred water to her rest,  
There, where the stately candelabra stand  
And weave a silver arbour; there, where fanned,  
To faintness, by the swing of golden hair,  
The pictured Virgin spiritually bland,  
Peers far into eternity, into prayer;  
Half conscious in the babe, that her heart hath it  
there.

Dreams and the ghosts of dreams! But now the  
hymn

Clamoured to heaven for my mother's soul,  
While in the lofty church her bier looked dim;  
My fancies like thick vapours sadly roll  
Around. And yet my hopes could find no goal  
Save in the vault. The fitful yellow gleam

Of ghastly candles struggled through the whole ;  
Like a rent in the coffin fell their beam,  
And tortured my sick soul in its distempered dream.

And Vale !\* Vale !—like a Roman maid—  
(Flitting poor moth around her lover's pile,)  
And Vale ! Vale ! were the words I said,  
Leaving my lost one in the antique aisle,  
Oh buried faith and mother—your lost smile  
Has left the face of nature deadly pale,  
Now, hatchment must both church and hall defile—  
Where is the faith that safe through war's assail  
My stern old fathers bore beneath their plaited mail ?

O Vale ! Vale !—can there be a curse  
Of blacker venom in this world of strife,  
Than unbelief perched crow-like on a hearse ?  
To hear “ the resurrection and the life,”  
Blown to the winds where idleness is rife?  
The Roman maid whose locks dishevelled poured  
Like a libation o'er the urn :—the wife  
Of South Sea husband savage but adored  
Had calmer thoughts than mine,—each of her  
vanished lord !

\* The “ farewell,” which formed such a touching  
part of the funeral service among the ancients.

O Vale ! Vale ! 'Tis not death I mourn,  
But 'tis his antique glory : for of old,  
A fringe of sun-light bordered the dark bourn  
Fretted with flowers ; and the bell was tolled  
To warn the angels in their happy fold,  
Of coming brother. Now, it is a sound  
Of ceremony. Lethe's mud has rolled  
Across our altars ! When we leave the ground  
Of death,—we shake its dust off from our feet around.

Such were my wailings ; as the osier clings  
Around a peasant's grave in lone churchyard,  
So clung my sorrow. But while meaner things  
Are crushed—here is the glory of the bard,  
That though his heart be bleeding and brow scarred,  
His wings still keep imperial ! so he beats  
The air about him pure ! if evil-starred,  
Maketh the darkness, ebon,—or retreats  
Fanning his pained form—couched among eternal  
sweets.

So, for such poisons as the world can give,  
He finds the antidote in secret places,  
Slakes fever-thirst, where water-lilies live,  
And bathes his brow among their moistened graces  
A bruised arm with slim vine tendrils laces,  
Cooleth a heart-burn with fresh roses wet ;

And for the fatal chill breathed by dead faces,  
Shuddering he moveth, and himself doth set,  
Before geranium fires, and blue-flamed violet.

Eustace had no critical skill in poetry; and his was not a nature on which the brooding sentimentalism which ran through the poem, of which we have given this extract, exercised any special attraction. But, that his host could find any pleasure in elaborating such feelings into verse, gave him a new cause of wonder about him. Had the man *felt* all this? If so, he was something better than a worldling and wit. Was he essentially a sentimentalist? There were times when he talked the true language of worldly ambition, (so, that Eustace fancied he heard his old acquaintance, Henry Mildew, again); there were others, when he seemed a mere loungeur in the groves of Academe. On reflection, Eustace found his feelings about him gradually bringing him to two convictions; one, that he was naturally of a kind and winning disposition; the other,



that he was a man, most probably, with a strange and romantic history. He laid down the M.S., and said something about the pleasure it had given him. The Don smiled, and then, walking to the window, suggested that they should go for a ride.

"I should be very glad," said Eustace.

Eustace's costume was not such as he could wish, in consequence of his singular adventures ; but the Don insisted on attiring him in the style of the country ; and off they set, each habited like a genuine Brazilian squire, not forgetting the high jack-boots, and silver spurs. The Don rode fast, and seemed a different man in the saddle of a stout horse, from the tranquil, artistic, lettered person of the villa. There was something feudal in the air of the Don, as he pointed out the rich demesnes, and called Conyers's attention to a coffee-plantation, where the berries were reddening for the second crop of the year. The air was warm, but Eustace was in a better state of body to-day, and exhilaration, not languor, was

the effect it produced on him. He had, presently, an amusing spectacle, too, to keep up his spirits with ; for a jolly, fat, Brazilian lady, riding man-fashion, passed them on the road, at a sharp trot, and with the air of one who was not riding for amusement, only. The Don made her a polite bow ; and after she passed, said :

“What think you of her, Mr. Conyers ? She was the wife of a proprietor here, who died. She manages the property, herself ; goes to and fro, as you see, on her business ; and between ourselves, I believe she cudgels her black domestics when they require it, much as the Roman ladies did, in Juvenal’s time. Do you know, it throws a good deal of light on the classics, to you, living where there is a slave population ? I assure you, our ladies here are a manly set, when action is required of them.”

The word, “slave-population,” jarred a little on Eustace’s English ears ; and, besides, set him thinking, by what a strange chance it was, that he, after spending months in sup-

pressing slave-transport to the Brazils, should be now, as he was, enjoying the fruits of slave-labour. He had carefully avoided that subject with the Don, as common civility required; besides, who among us knows what his views, on the said subject, would have been, if he had been born a Brazilian proprietor? Eh, honest reader?

Eustace said nothing, this time; but contented himself with admiring the hedges, between which they happened to be riding, and which were covered with rich yellow flowers. From these, he turned his eyes to a row of lofty palm-trees, which lifted their light, feathery heads to a great height. And, presently, both he and the Don moved a little on one side, as a train of mules passed, with bells jingling, and picturesque-looking drivers, contributing their share to the great commercial movement of the world. Eustace's was just the nature to relish all this variety and freshness; and nothing had charmed him so much as this ride for a long while.

After a ride of some hours, they approached a village. It was straggling, and poor-looking, with the exception of one or two houses. There was a little chapel at one end of it. As they passed up the street, Eustace saw another specimen of the ladies of the country ; a dark, portly dame, in a large woollen cloak of bright red, with embroidered sleeves, attended by a black slave, who was holding an umbrella over her head, underneath which she paced along with great stateliness. This spectacle nearly upset the gravity of our hero ; and he whispered to Don Emanuel, as they approached, that she was the very image of the Scarlet Woman ; which was an instance of levity not lightly to be excused. The Don whispered in return, that she was the wife of a man who had been made a noble, in consideration of his money. The Don made her a bow, in exchange for her salute ; and Eustace saw, from her manner, that she thought the Don a potentate.

Soon, a squab little figure in the dress of a priest, came strolling along. "Our scholar,"

whispered the Don. The priest bowed, and the Don gave him his hand, and began to talk to him in Portuguese. Then, he presented Eustace, to whom the priest likewise bowed most reverentially. Eustace saw that the Don was telling his reverence something about himself; and was infinitely amused to see the little ecclesiastic, after uttering a few hasty words, and bobbing, again and again, make off as fast as he could.

"What was the matter?" inquired Eustace.

The Don laughed. "Why I told him you were anxious to talk to him in Latin, about the history of Brazil; and he begged pardon for running away to a funeral, a wedding, and a dying man."

"Perhaps 'tis as well as for me, as for the father," said Eustace, laughing, "that he has."

"He would chatter by the hour in his own tongue; so we are well rid of him," said Don Emanuel. "But here is an acquaintance of mine."

And the Don returned the bow of a new

arrival—a stout Brazilian gentleman, in a large, straw hat, with a bright ribbon, a richly coloured cotton jacket, and yellow boots, such as are associated in the English mind with Drury-Lane barons, rather than with actual life. He was a dark-complexioned, fat man, elaborately polite. He and Don Emanuel fell to talking in the language of the country, and then “Senhor da Mazenda,” “Senhor Conyers,” said the Don, and Eustace received several profound bows from his new acquaintance.

Da Mazenda addressed the Don, presently, in words of course unintelligible to Eustace, but which he saw, conveyed some proposition. The Don turned to Eustace.

“He asks us to come in, and take some refreshment. We may as well.”

“Certainly,” Eustace said.

Da Mazenda walked alongside the horsemen, as they proceeded to the other end of the village, where his house was. Here, they dismounted; a black took charge of the horses, and they followed their entertainer

into a fine airy room, where slaves at once began to lay the cloth. The Don and da Mazenda chatted, and every other sentence or so, the Don translated to Eustace, who made due response, which Don Emanuel again returned to da Mazenda, who bowed to Eustace. All this was very agreeable in its way; but da Mazenda's talk was as limited as his ideas, which were absolutely bounded by the Brazils, or recognised nothing beyond the Brazils but a hazy vision of Portugal, which country the fat fellow evidently believed to be the sovereign European power. The novelty of the whole affair was amusement enough for Eustace. The slaves, meanwhile, proceeded to lay fruit, eggs, milk, wine, and other pastoral delicacies on the table; and the door opened.

By the eagle of Conyers, who came in? A charming young Brazilian girl in snow-white muslin, with gold ear-rings, which her country-women much affect, and a flower in her black hair—truly a delicious spectacle. She was introduced, and with a pleasant easy

manner, almost European, she took her place at one end of the table, where Eustace was next her. Instantly, the fat Brazilian rose in Eustace's estimation, for this girl was his daughter and heiress.

That foolish fellow Eustace was indeed so taken aback, by this apparition, that he did not recover himself for two or three minutes. When he looked at her, he was delighted ; for, first, we are to remember that he had seen no such thing as a pretty girl for a very long while, and likewise that, since the days when he knew the young Mogglestonleughs, he had sprung up into a handsome young manly fellow, much more interested in damsels of attractive appearance than in those juvenile times. Then, next, we are to remark that, to a sailor long tossed about this planet without seeing a soft face, the *puella* assumes a character of mysterious and goddess-like loveliness ; a fact, which to the precocious cubs of dissipation may appear ridiculous, but of which a *puella* herself ought to be proud. Finally, this young Brazilian *was* a



very pretty girl. Her face was small, oval and regular, in colour a lively olive, except the lips, which were dark-red, while her eyes were deeply dark, and her expression soft and intelligent, with that languor which attracts so much, for reasons, into which it would be curious to enquire. When she helped Eustace to fruit, Eustace coloured through his sun-burnt hues; and the girl herself, never having seen probably a young Englishman before, might have been observed to steal a glance occasionally at his grey eyes and light hair. For young southerners love the Teutonic features, as those Knights of Malta, who were Germans in the old days of that Order well knew—the rogues.

That agreeable, artistic Don Emanuel, meanwhile, looked at them both, as a good-natured sage contemplates Corydon and Phillis. He saw the effect which they produced on each other, and it was his care to talk for the whole party. Otherwise Eustace, and Josepha had no means of conversing, except, of course, by that silent

magnetic communication which nature kindly establishes between a handsome youngster and a handsome girl. The portly senhor, meanwhile, was abundantly polite, and among them all, the conversation took something like the following shape; the Don, of course, interpreting occasionally at the end of every sentence :

DON EMANUEL. My young friend forgets England for a few minutes. It is the highest compliment an Englishman can pay !

FAT BRAZILIAN PAPA. Ah, ah ! Long way off, England ! Do they like our sugar ?

EUSTACE (*gaily*). Don Emanuel, I don't wonder that you preach upon the beautiful in a country where it is so easy to find a text.

DON EMANUEL. The English noble is praising Brazil. (*To JOSEPHA.*) It is but lately that my young friend has shown such enthusiasm.

JOSEPHA (*blushing*). We are glad to

see him. Ask him, if roses grow in England?

EUSTACE (*indignantly*). Roses? to be sure. I hope, Don Emanuel, she does not think we are barbarians?

DON EMANUEL. He is afraid you think little of his country. Everything is there, Senhora.

JOSEPHA. Have you all the flowers we have?

EUSTACE. No. But we have some of your most beautiful ones in conservatories.

DON EMANUEL. They keep the datura in a house, and feed it with fire and hot water. (*To CONYERS*). Would you like to take a flower with you—for your house—eh, my dear Conyers?

EUSTACE (*blushing*). Don Emanuel, be quiet.

JOSEPHA. What have you been telling him, Don Emanuel?

DON EMANUEL. I was asking him about England. (*JOSEPHA looks incredulous.*)

FAT BRAZILIAN PAPA. Brazil, a great country, Brazil. Is your sovereign of the family of Braganza ?

EUSTACE. No. Of the House of Hanover. (FAT PAPA *looks puzzled.*)

With this sort of talk, the company amused themselves during lunch. When the repast was over, Josepha went away for a few minutes, but returned again; and then, a young negress who had been in attendance at the table, and who was now clearing it, attracted Eustace's attention by a series of extraordinary gesticulations, which she carried on for his private benefit, while da Mazenda and the Don were looking out of the window, and Josepha sitting very composedly, and very prettily, in her former place.

Eustace was exceedingly puzzled. This young negress grinned, showing her white teeth wonderfully, nodded, made some hideous attempts to wink, and, in fact, frightened Eustace, who thought she was in a state of lunacy. After carrying on this game for

several minutes, she departed. Eustace and Josepha were left at the table together, alone ; and Eustace contemplated the soft beauty of the tropics—her delicate face, with its quick changes of light and shade, her wee white hands, and her dreamy, passionate, glowing eyes, till the quick-hearted boy fancied he was almost in love with her. Meanwhile, the Don and the papa turned away from the window. The Don made a private signal to Eustace. It was time to go.

“ Farewell, sun-flower !” thought Eustace. “ Farewell, oh worthy sister of the palm-tree ! I shall think of you when I am far away.” As he was bidding her father good-day, he thought he would indulge himself by shaking hands with her. She looked him in the face. He shook hands. He went out. He mounted his horse. And he saw her at the window as he rode away.

So Don Emanuel and Eustace Conyers rode off, and when they were a mile from the village, on their way home—Eustace

declaiming on the girl's beauty, and the Don listening—they heard the clatter of hoofs, and up came Senhor da Mazenda, on horseback.

They pulled up. The portly Brazilian made a profound salutation to Don Emanuel, and began, with solemn formality of manner, what appeared to be a set speech. Eustace wondered at his earnestness, and wondered still more at the effect which it produced on the expressive and mobile features of the Don. The Don pulled his long dark moustache, tweaked his Vandyke beard, coloured, then smiled, then bit his lip, and made half-a-dozen graceful bows in the course of the oration. But what still more puzzled Eustace than the conduct of the Don, was the way in which, during the said oration, the speaker looked occasionally at him, Eustace Conyers. That the worthy man's address bore some reference to himself was Eustace's instant impression, and he felt very curious to know what reference.

At last, the speech was over, and the

Senhor remained quiet, looking calmly at Don Emanuel, and awaiting his reply.

The Don moved uneasily in his saddle for a moment; then (still with as much embarrassment about him as a man of the world can well have) he turned and addressed Eustace.

“My dear Conyers; I hardly know how to begin, and I’m afraid you’ll blame me for having brought you into such a silly mess. I have told you that the manners here are not English manners, nor the ways English ways. Ahem—The truth is, I am myself, among, not of, the worthy provincials here; but we need not mind that. Well, Senhor da Mazenda has—and really it is not very odd from the point of view of their customs—come after us to make a proposal. The Senhora Josepha, his daughter and heiress, (Eustace felt himself colouring up to the eyes) has not disposed of her hand. The Senhora does you the honour—pardon me (the Don here looked ineffably courteous) “for saying that I am not surprised at it—of

thinking you a gentleman to whom she might, with every prospect of happiness, commit her destiny. (Eustace stupified). She is an heiress—will succeed to all her father's estates—and Senhor da Mazenda bids me assure you that, as far as he is concerned, he will do his best to make every arrangement to your satisfaction. Really, Conyers, pardon me for this if it annoys you." The Don concluded, and Senhor da Mazenda bowed profoundly to Eustace, and there was a dead silence.

Eustace was never more astonished, confounded, or embarrassed, in the whole course of his life. Let us hastily disentangle the web of his reflections. To some people, it would have occurred to suspect Don Emanuel of whom he knew little, in one sense, of having a scheme in which da Mazenda had joined. This never occurred to Eustace, who from the first hour of their acquaintance, had not only felt attracted to the Don, but had felt certain, that he was, however mysterious a personage,



certainly a gentleman and a man of honour. (We may note here, that there were in reality no grounds for any suspicion of the kind, and that Eustace's instinct had made him judge rightly.) But how awkward the position! He was bound to the 'Lotus,' responsible for every hour of his time. His family had not heard from him ever so long; the girl was a delightful girl (Eustace felt infinitely flattered, by the way, and secretly pleased) but a light summer fever of admiration produced by her beauty was not Love! Then, how refuse? It was quite a tumultuous little delirium of feelings which rushed upon him at that moment; and certes, for a moment, a vision of her sweet face, and of balmy twilight and tropical flowers, and the free roving life of this fine land swam before him, and filled his blood as with champagne. All this rushed to his mind in the space of a few moments. Doubtless he coloured, and showed his astonishment, young and frank as he was. But by a sudden and unexpected energy, he assumed a quiet which might

have rather been expected in his father, and bowing to da Mazenda, he spoke thus, with easy seriousness to Don Emanuel.

"Don Emanuel, you are a man of the world, and you know how astonished I, as an Englishman, must feel. I trust to your delicacy to help me out of this very curious position. Tell the Senhor that I am in the service of the English crown, and that I risk my professional honour, by every hour I stay here. Show him that I am not my own master. Tell him I'm a heretic, my dear Don," said poor Eustace, more eagerly, and clutching at a new aid. "Upon my word, Don, I hardly know what to say." He bit his lip. "But above all, lay my profound respect and regard at the feet of the Senhora. By Jove," said Eustace, fingering the bridle, "I've half a mind to gallop back and tell her everything, myself. But I can't talk to her! If I go into her presence, I shall ruin everything. Pray, Don, help me out."

The portly Brazilian had sat, stolidly enough, and showing no great anxiety. He

seemed merely to be discharging a bit of business. When he saw that Eustace had concluded, he slowly turned his dark eyes to the Don, and waited his pleasure.

The Don assumed a calm, courtly air. "It is my duty to put you right. Besides, you have family ties, and these are to be considered."

And, hereupon, the Don made a long speech, in his very best manner; to da Mazenda. The Senhor heard it with great attention, and no particular emotion, bowed once more profoundly to them both, swept round, and went off at a gallop.

Eustace was a soft-hearted young fellow. The thought of Josepha made him very unfit to talk that charming afternoon. His eyes it is to be feared, were not very fit, either, for public exhibition. He rode alongside his companion in silence, flickering between tenderness and fun, sometimes wondering at the oddness of the adventure, and half-laughing; but somehow, the laugh got choked in his throat, and when he turned his face to

the hedge, the yellow flowers looked blurred and indistinct there.

The Don, meanwhile, talked away in a matter-of-fact manner, to relieve his companion as much as possible, from the awkwardness which all men feel when they are showing emotion in the presence of other men. The Don could talk in a great variety of styles. He now discoursed on the primitive simplicity of the country life of Brazil—on its mines and its trades—on its government and religion—and even on the difficulties attending the Slave Question, the relation of the planters to the slave-dealers, and other points. He talked on such subjects, with the ease of an able man, and in the tone of one accustomed to society; but, not with the *abandon*, the relish, and the illustration, with which he entered into such topics as those on which we have already heard him. This little adventure had naturally bound Eustace and him nearer together; and the way in which the Don bore himself through it, pleased Eustace, and increased his respect

for him. A high nature, somewhat spoiled— was that Don Emanuel? Was he one who had wasted the gifts committed to him, by only enjoying the beauty in them, and not considering the high uses to which they ought to be put? Eustace did not know.

The *cæna* was served that evening in the open air, on a gallery. They sat under a shelter of overhanging leaves, among which, roses hung down; and with their faces towards the sunset, which glittered in their wine. The sun sank slowly behind the distant hills. It was a deeply tranquil hour.

A light hum is heard. Eustace sees a glimmering silver-winged beetle floating in the air near them.

“The Ave-Maria beetle,” says Don Emanuel. “It begins its hum every evening, at vespers, and thence derives its name. All journeying is now suspended; all travellers halt; silence and quiet reign through Brazil, in the hour of the Ave-Maria! Sweet time!”

Eustace looked at Don Emanuel. The Don’s

- look was the look of an enthusiast. They both were silent for a while ; and the time of Vespers went by.

The Don now rose. "Let us have our dessert brought in doors, my dear Conyers, and talk."

Ah, Don Emanuel! You have good feelings, and a good heart, no doubt ; but the "costly spikenard" of nature, oh Don ! is not to be enjoyed only, in never so delicate, thrice-refined a way:—it is for the Redeemer's feet !

## CHAPTER XII.

## UNDER WEIGH AGAIN.

AND so, the days passed over, and Eustace was still the guest of Don Emanuel, inhabiting his castle of indolence, and listening to the talk which he loved to pour forth, talk which, as we have said, was occasionally spiritual, and occasionally epicurean, sentiment twisted into epigram, and wit pleasantly coloured by seriousness. The Don would draw a picture of the Panathenaic procession, and the venerable old men carrying olive-branches in it, so that you could have fancied

him a Pagan. But, then, the Don was as enthusiastic in a few minutes about the slumberous Pantheism of Hindostan, or the voluptuous and impassioned reveries of the Koran ; or anything else that was " beautiful," whereas, Eustace's sympathy was always with the mere individual activity and purpose in all these things.

You could, with difficulty, get a downright opinion out of the Don. Tell him, that the hemlocking Socrates was a brutal murder, he instantly drew a picture of the brave old Greek, holding forth under a plane tree, by the banks of Ilyssus, or calmly reproving his weeping friends while the executioner was preparing the *κρίσιον*, and then ? Why, the philosopher had, you know, set himself against the inevitable movement of the age ; not that the philosopher was not right, too, from his point of view ; but *que voulez vous ?* The Don took no great pleasures in contemplating the right and wrong of things, in fact ; but just as one can admire a bunch of night-shade with its



berries — (apart from any remembrance that they are poison,)—so the Don asked himself generally, as St. Augustine did at one period of his career—*quid est pulchrum, et quid est pulchritudo?* what is the beautiful and what beauty? and you could get little else out of him, than his attempt to answer that question. In one form or another, many men in our day, are like the Don. The past generations of the world have so filled it with the thousand-fold shapes, embodying their thoughts and representing their actions, that we, their offspring, stand bewildered, wondering, admiring, and absolutely encumbered by what they have left us; what to do with the possession, however, does not trouble the Don Emanuels, who see a great deal that is very fair and charming, and fix their attention entirely on that. Describing the Don's character to a London wit, he favoured the historian with a brief illustration of it, in his own peculiar style. "Ah, I see, my dear Sir. He walks through the universe with

a tasting order !”\* For, the London wit is a remorseless man of a despotic temper, and brains all people mercilessly, on his terrible Pall Mall pavement.

Eustace and the Don were become very great friends. The Don was most agreeable and kind ; and from the very characteristics we have described, was a man to win you ; for here he was, ready to laugh or cry, or to be lazy, or to be active, precisely as you wished him—a man who could understand all you understood, and feel all you felt. Besides, the mystery about him fascinated Eustace. Sometimes, Eustace thought that this calm of his was the re-action after a fiery and adventurous youth ; the coolness of a volcanic stone, which having flashed as a meteor, now reposes on the dewy grass. For the Don had seen the world ; and when he girded himself up for it, could talk practically on practical affairs.

\* Domestic and rural readers may need to be told, that this is a document which admits one to the mighty wine vaults of the Docks.

Yet, Eustace must go. The Josepha adventure had sharpened his eagerness to be off. He languished among the orange trees. He wearied of the feathery palm. For, after all, quiet is not the element of the children of the Northern Star. *Nil admirari* has been tried by us, and we cannot manage it; let us be thankful for the same. Three centuries study of the classics, has persuaded some of us that we can achieve the Horatian calm. But we make poor Horatians; where Horace was tranquil, we are only *bored*.

A dissertation must one day be written on that shameful word. When one comes from the Life of Raleigh, or the Ballads, or Froissart, or even old Dugdale's Baronage, and sits down next a conceited dawdler, daring to say that his small soul finds the earth and the sky tedious, a right-hearted man foams. Nobles and gentles of England! Extinguish that word. Banish the thought of the days which produced it. Come out, as some of the new generation among you are doing, to lead the new era; and save

your ancestors' dust from being gibbered over by baboons, who would willingly use it to stop the bung-holes of their ale-casks.

Eustace, we repeat, felt the necessity of presently returning to the old 'Lotus,' viâ Rio de Janeiro. The Don now fairly put his shoulder to the wheel, and promised that he should start on the morrow. Horses should be ready, and a proper escort. "And," said the Don, "I can give you letters which will make Rio habitable, if you have to stay there at all; and to merchants, also, in case you want to draw on England."

The Don seemed to like to talk of England. He repeated, indeed, the sayings of the jocular Pablo; but a man who, while he quizzed England, treated a stray Englishman like a brother, was not a very deadly foe. Eustace fancied, sometimes, that he looked as if he was going to communicate something confidential. He did not, indeed, appear anxious to draw out from Eustace his personal history,—no doubt, because he said nothing of his own; but when Eustace freely

talked of home, of his country, of his boyhood, the Don was touched. Why, it was difficult to say. The Don was full of all kinds of sympathies, thought Eustace. And when moved either to hilarity or to tenderness, he brought a guitar, and sang a Spanish or English song; his feeling gradually took form in song, as water, when heated, does in steam; and soaring away in pleasant shapes, left him calmer.

"Shall we never meet again?" said Eustace, when the Don told him that all was ready for his departure next day.

"It is a strange thought, that; perhaps we never shall," said Don Emanuel. "Men meet like strange ships at sea, and then part again, and sail away into the distance. Heigho! It is a monotonous thing, life, too."

"It is an awful thing," said Eustace, after a pause.

"Yes; under one aspect. When one wakes suddenly, at night—disagreeable thing, that!" said the soft Don. "But, then I

open the window, and there is a rich smell of flowers, and the glowing moon fills the garden. There is loveliness in life ; and the beyond will not be darker than what we see here ; I feel sure of that. The infinite space is full of stars ; and so, in the darkness of death, we shall find beauty lighting us."

" Our souls will fare, according as we have used the gifts committed to us, and done our duty ; that is infallibly certain."

" That is a sentiment very stimulating to the individual," said Don Emanuel ; " and performs an important part in history. But, what our little priest, here, calls a sin, is simply, in my eyes, like a false note in music. Why should I hate the poor sinner, who has a bad moral ear ?"

" Don't you hate a scoundrel ?" said Eustace.

The Don shrugged his shoulders. " What is called a scoundrel, is generally a disagreeable object ; so far, he is unpleasant, certainly. I would keep out of his way."

" And you would not hang him ?"

“Really, it is a difficult question, as to what I would do, myself. I suppose you must put some fellows out of the way, as you do rattle-snakes. All that is very ugly work. One must contemplate it, occasionally, I suppose. I don’t like the shady side of things,” said the Don, smiling.

Eustace looked at the placid Don ; and thought it best to change the subject. But he wondered what were the foundations of the Don, in the matter of morals. For, hitherto, he had not seen the “shady side” of the Don, himself : he had seen him always in pleasant sun-light, with his sunny side outwards, like one of his own peaches ; and the Don’s peaches were delicious !

“Apician table and Horatian ode”

—have their attractions for every young fellow—one, or the other, or both of them. Eustace was human ; liked a glass of claret, and a clever man, and a song, as well as most people. But above all, he liked activity,

and already he thought of returning to the rough old 'Lotus,' and her sea-life, and her jolly fellows, with something like rapture. Flowers are all very well, but one's life, like one's chamber, grows unhealthy, if it has too much of them. Up with the window, thought Eustace Conyers, and let us smell the sea!

The time for departure came. The horses were at the door. The Don would ride with Eustace part of the way; and then, having seen him off, leave him to an easy journey of a few days, which would bring him to Rio. At Rio there would be, of course, an English man-of-war, and there Mr. Eustace must "report himself," and tell the tale of the lost 'Rosamond.'

"Will you be in any difficulty about it, think you?" asked Don Emanuel, as they rode along on their way.

"I must report the exact circumstances, and leave it to them. I neglected nothing," said Eustace—which was true. It will have



been observed, that this 'Rosamond' affair has not been brought on the *tapis* during the Don's banquets. Indeed, to what purpose could Eustace have kept recurring to it?

He was infinitely indebted, personally, to the Don—considering the forlorn position out of which he helped him—and why should he commit the impropriety of reminding him of the social peculiarities of his adopted country? How "bore" a gentleman, whose favourite writer was Horace, about the horrors of the slave trade? How vex a refined individual by minute inquiries as to how black men are launched in flat-bottomed boats with a rapidity which astounds investigators, marched across the country in detachments, under the stimulus of a whip, sold to planters (who usually have mortgages on their estates to the persons who sell them), and "worked out" in due time—that being, as is well known, the more soundly economical plan, than "breeding?" Eustace, as the sensible reader will see, has been in a

very delicate position with regard to Don Emanuel, and altogether, has had an odd adventure. By and bye, perhaps—but it will be time enough to talk of the future when it has become the present.

Eustace has to bid his host good-bye, and pursue his way onwards, in company with a stout mulatto. The Don has given him some letters to Rio. And nothing remains, but to express his thanks, and “good-bye.”

Eustace hardly knows what to say ; and first, he cannot help just saying a few words about that village where they went, together, out of which the *very* odd adventure of our last chapter arose. He tells Don Emanuel, if he should happen to be visiting there, to be mindful of his (Senhor Conyers’s) reputation, and to represent his apparent want of gallantry in the most favourable light possible. He colours a little as he says this, and, though he laughs a little too, he does not feel altogether light-hearted.

Then, he trusts he shall hear from Don Emanuel, and wishes the Don happiness and peace in his lonely dwelling; and says he shall remember his kindness and courtesy. All which the light Don receives with gay politeness, bowing, and smiling, and saying pretty things. And they separate.

That ride to Rio, which occupied several days, gave our friend an opportunity of much private meditation. To adopt a naval figure of speech, which has already been of service to us, Eustace Conyers "took an observation," proceeding to settle his position by various calculations, drawn, first, from his "dead reckoning," or course run (*viz.*, his past life), and, secondly, from his heavenly bodies (*viz.*, principles and sentiments.) The result of this was his finding, as all may do, that his place in the chart was not what it might have been, or ought to have been; and his resolving to manage his navigation better for the future. The years were rolling by. He had, indeed, become something of

an officer and seaman; but what had he *done*? A disagreeable and pregnant question, that, to ask oneself, as one trotted across the Campos, on a fine day! There was one answer to it, which Eustace had heard given with more or less clearness, by various young fellows, in his time—that there was nothing to do; that we had fallen on a dull time, and must make up our minds to the fact; and that to talk of Blake and Nelson in the Navy, was like talking of “Magna Charta” in the House of Commons; a thing only to be met by “a laugh.”

Long since, Eustace's heart had revolted against this doctrine; for he felt that unless all notion of individual freedom was to be given up, we were bound to admit that we, as well as the age, had something to do with the state of affairs. The quiet of Don Emanuel's retreat had brought up questions again to him, which the ‘Lotus,’ with its work, and its various distractions, kept out of his head. So, out of all the meditations which occupied him as he rode along, one final thought

always triumphed—that it would be glorious to get back once more to the “jolly old ‘Lotus.’” This was his first thought when he got into the saddle in the morning, and seated himself on the comfortable sheepskins. And he gave a wild shout of exultation when the end of his journey brought him within sight of the sea.

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